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MEMORIAL OF REV. JARED M. HEARD.

PREACHED AT HIS BURIAL IN FITCHBURG, MARCH 24, 1864.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

John xi. 25, 26: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

PERHAPS our Christian faith is never so strong and clear as when we stand by the coffin and the grave. For how great is the contrast between yesterday and to-day!—yesterday, when life was so full and abounding; to-day, when nothing is left with us but the pale garments of mortality which it wore. Therefore we say with tenfold assurance, These were not the friend which we cherished and loved. He has risen out of them; he has cast aside this circumstance of clay, that he may enter more completely into life. We cannot think of him as dead: a spirit that throbbed with so much fire and energy, and was so swift to do the Master's will, has only been relieved of its clogs and fetters, that its activities may go on without hinderance. The summons came to him sooner than to most of us,—the summons to higher ministries in the kingdom of Christ. He has gone from us because there was some vacant place for him to fill, some other service prepared for him to do; for, if we could look through all the shining

ranks above us, we should see that God never summons his servants too late or too soon, but in his own divine and beautiful order.

And yet the parting is hard to bear. When the old man dies who has outlived his generation, and life has run its full course, it is sweet and pleasant to lay down its load. We feel then that there is no mystery in death. There is nothing to be explained. It was not so with our friend and brother. His plan of life had been fondly marked out, and he had entered with ardor upon its execution : its ties were woven about him in all their strength and tenderness. We were rejoicing with him and with you in the prospect of an energetic and successful ministry, stretching on through happy years ; and our disappointments are as grievous as our expectations had been bright. And our grief is more deep and bitter, because these are times when young men are worth so much to us, and it is so hard to spare them. The tidings from the Pacific coast had just smitten us with unwonted sadness, and the news of your bereavement fell upon hearts already afflicted. Your loss, too, is the loss of the whole community ; for it is so much zeal and youthful energy devoted to noble ends taken from us in the hour of its brightest promise and our greatest need. Death has come among you, robed in solemn mystery, — mystery, undoubtedly, which would be explained to us, could we look from the other side, and see those higher and wider ministries to which our brother has gone.

In the brief space which I shall occupy, let me bring before you some of the facts which best embody his life and character. Perhaps they will help you in laying up his memory in your hearts, and keeping it as the treasure of future years.

Our brother had just completed his thirty-fourth year. This short life was begun at Wayland on the 16th of March, 1830. There his childhood opened ; there he became familiarized with the fields and streams, and drank the spirit of the hills. Perhaps you knew his love of Nature, and his enthusiastic studies in natural history. These he learned first amid the quiet scenery on the banks of the Sudbury River, where he grew

up. There, while he imbibed health, and strength of mind and muscle, he had an open eye for all the processes of Nature. He loved books, and was one of the best scholars in the school: I think he loved the open book of Nature somewhat more. As his mind unfolded, he studied the habits of insects, watched them in their transformations; studied the habits and diseases of plants, would discourse of them by the half-hour; entered enthusiastically upon comparative anatomy, and preserved skeletons to explain it. Had he devoted himself to these pursuits, he would have been such a disciple as Agassiz would have delighted in. He loved to study natural scenery minutely, as if it were the lines of a human face. He would not leave a grand mountain prospect till he could close his eyes, and still see it photographed upon his memory so as to be sure he could carry away the picture; and, as Wordsworth says, have it "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

At the age of nineteen he entered Brown University; passed honorably through its course of studies, and graduated in 1853. In that year, and only a day or two previous to his commencement, an event took place which shaped his whole future course, and exerted a plastic influence over all his spiritual life. You that never had it can never know that priceless treasure of a household, — an only sister or an only daughter. Such our brother had, — a sister, a little younger than himself, who, in beauty, affection, and sweetness of spirit, was all that could draw forth a brother's devotion and love. But the angels beckoned her, and she went away. On the day that she was to start for Providence to strew flowers upon her brother's opening path, she closed her eyes upon this world for ever, and the flowers were strewn upon her grave. Grief takes the deepest hold of the strongest natures. The brother's heart was well-nigh breaking, for his affections were exceedingly strong; and for a long time he could see nothing but that blank spot in the household, and that one grave in the old churchyard. For days and weeks, the charm of life and the charm of Nature were completely broken; for all her sights and sounds had been associated with a voice now

hushed for ever, and he could only answer to them in the words of bereavement : —

“The wild bee with his buglet fine,  
The blackbird singing free,  
Break both thy mother's heart and mine :  
They speak to us of thee.”

He went to Susan's grave, and kneeled upon it, and prayed for light and peace. The light and the peace came at length, and ripened into high resolves, lofty aims, and holy vows. Here was illustrated that beautiful law of the Divine Providence, which we do well to remember at this hour, — the law of compensation, that God never takes treasures from us without giving treasures in return. Our brother's attention was now turned with great earnestness to the themes of immortality, the mystery of death, and the meaning of life. The yearnings of the heart directed him to these themes, and he brought to them his powers of logic and argument. A self-consecration to the work of life more entire than ever before, and a religious earnestness and zeal which never ceased to burn, came to him from this great sorrow of his father's house. These ripened into resolves so distinct and clear, that they became a voice within him that called him to the ministry of Christ. “I hear it,” he would say, — “I hear it, urging me on ; and I dare not disobey it.”

Let me read an extract from one of his letters on that memorable morning in his experience, when the Divine Grace seemed to dawn like a new sunrise upon his soul. It will show you how he had come to regard death, and how he would exhort us to triumph over it now. “I visited the spot,” he writes, “where she lies, the morning that I left home. The rising sun had bathed the whole firmament in a flood of liquid gold ; and that holy quiet which rests down upon every thing in the country between the hours of day-dawn and sunrise threw its peculiar charm over my spirit, and I felt happy. I could not refrain from exclamations of thanksgiving and praise. My soul instinctively bowed in adoration to the God of the morning, to the God of the resurrection, of whose morning the gilded sky was such a perfect symbol. I kneeled

at the head of Susan's grave, and offered an earnest prayer for wisdom to teach me, strength to assist me, as I was again to start from the quiet haven of home upon the boisterous and deceitful ocean of the world. Into that short half-hour were crowded pleasures unspeakable, whose elevating influence even now hangs around my pathway." Such was the spot where he took his consecrating vows. How nobly he kept them !

Before entering upon his chosen work, he went to Providence as a teacher of one of the public schools. But a new trial awaited him, — one of the hardest trials to a mind ardent and active like his. A partial failure of health compelled him to quit his school, and give over his plans. But friends who prized his worth, and saw the power that was in him, and the good he could do, always crossed his path. A sea-captain generously offered him a passage to the East Indies, and he sought the restoratives of a sea-voyage. On his return, he entered the Theological School at Cambridge ; but, before completing the three-years' course, was compelled to leave his studies, and return to Wayland. His mind chafed under these restraints and disappointments, and preyed upon itself. To have the prizes of life snatched away as he was ready to grasp them, because of some thorn in the flesh, some nerve that would get of tune and play its discords, some rebellious lobe of the brain that refused to do its office, — this for some months was his painful experience. But the hour at length came, and he rose out of this depression into the clear spiritual activity for which he was longing. An invitation came to him from the society at Clinton to supply their pulpit. He went joyfully, and breathed all his enthusiasm into his work. The body, touched and magnetized by an indomitable will, refused no longer to work in harmony with the spirit within.

He preached at Clinton with great acceptance ; where he was ordained Aug. 25, 1858. His active ministry there of five years was remarkably successful. His parish honored and loved him. His voice, I believe, was gladly heard, not only in his own pulpit, but in the whole circuit of his ex-

changes. The town appreciated his talents and worth, and selected him as its representative in the Legislature during the session of 1862. Though one of the youngest members, it was not in his nature to be an inactive one. One of the most important acts of the session — that of the famous river-meadow case — affected vitally the interests of his native town. He studied it, and possessed himself fully of all its merits; and, when it came up for debate, he urged his argument with a fulness and clearness, which, a member told me, left nothing to be said upon that side.

In the prosecution of his successful ministry at Clinton, your invitation came to him to be your pastor. It was a severe trial to part with his people, with whom his relations had been so kind and harmonious; but he felt that he must do it. He went there with no preparatory experience, and he saw that the exhaustive draughts upon the mind and brain could not be borne much longer. Doubtless he decided wisely; and he came among you, resolved to use the results of his five-years' labor, and begin his ministry anew. With how much self-devotion and ability, in the pulpit, in the parish, in the Sunday school, and how these promised to your society a new era of increase and prosperity, you know yourselves; and you manifested to him your appreciation of his worth by tokens of kindness and generosity which he felt deeply and gratefully. One short year of his ministry had revealed him to you, and endeared him to your hearts.

His whole ministry is embraced in a period of six years; and few within so brief a time have given more decisive promise of a character calculated to impress itself deeply and beneficently upon society around. He brought to his work a combination of gifts that were the earnest of an ever-increasing success, — a clear and logical mind; brain-power of large volume and electric activity; zeal that never flagged; a voice of clarion fulness, that commanded audience, obeyed the rapid movement of his thought, and swept the largest congregations with the utmost ease; rare extemporaneous gifts when minded to put them forth, which made his unstudied efforts most impressive; an eye and countenance that spake and

answered quick to the kindling of his thoughts and emotions ; a purpose to train these elements of oratory, and consecrate them ; sympathies warm and tender ; a love of the young, and a power of adaptation to their wants and ways, by which he touched and quickened the life of every Sunday school with which he was connected ; a love of constant action so intense, that rest became irksome, and work was turned into play ; ready sympathy with the sick and the suffering, so that in the sick-room he was quick to see what was needed almost as a nurse or a mother ; charity to the poor, whom he sought out with open hand ; humanity, large and inclusive, embracing his country and his kind ; above all, a conscientious devotion to his Master's cause, that kept unbroken its early vows. These gifts, we believed, when in their full development, and freed from those early clogs and limitations, would have given him a growing power and influence for good in the community, which few of his profession have attained. Alas that the ordination-vows and congratulations should be followed so soon by our sorrows around his bier !

But he has gone to that higher ministry in the kingdom of God in the full bloom of his faculties, and we resign him without a murmur. Questions which he had pondered and prayed over are now resolved by open vision. He brought to the investigation of all subjects a good deal of argumentative power and dialectical skill, trying to separate the dross of error from the gold of truth. These he brought to religious themes, always afraid of having his understanding imposed upon ; resolved that the reason and the heart should both be satisfied. Even in the last hour, when the shadows of death were gathered thickly around him, and this world was fading from his sight, he roused his faculties for a moment, shook off the gathering unconsciousness, and enounced the syllogisms on which he rested his faith. Said he, rising from his pillow, and speaking in the deep, full tones of his voice, "Immortality ! how they perplex and mystify !" And pressing his hand upon his breast, "Here is the proof ; here is demonstration." He added, "I am ; *therefore* God is." This is almost identical with the famous argument by which Descartes

sought to demolish the strongholds of atheism, and revolutionize the philosophy of his times. He turned to his dearest friend with a smile which might be regarded as a farewell benediction and a smile of triumphant faith, and then sank again into the embraces of death. The smile lingered on the countenance after the spirit had gone, giving it the appearance of tranquil slumber. These were the last flashings of his clear and vigorous mind, and the total darkness immediately followed, — total on our side: on the other side, where the heavens opened, and the earth receded and was no more, it was the pale twilight of our earthly guessings and gropings exchanged for the open splendors of noonday.

His vigorous intellect, however, was not nourished at the expense of the heart. This is already implied in the incidents of our biographical sketch. It is hardly possible to conceive of home-affections more ardent and clinging than his. There was good reason why they should be so. No son was ever more signally blessed in the fondness and faithfulness of parental love. All that he was, and all that he hoped to be, he was never weary of ascribing to its guidance and care. His letters breathe the very fragrance of filial piety. No husband was ever more careful of the treasure of his heart and home. These domestic ties woven about him so fondly, bringing out the most beautiful shades of his character, whether you regard him as the husband, the son, the father, or the brother, give, I know, a tenfold sharpness to the bereavements of this hour. I wish that any words of mine could assuage the wounds of these lacerated affections. I am very sure, that, if prayers out of the deepest places of a thousand hearts could save to the bereaved mother the little Mabel of her desolated home, she should be saved. To the widowed wife, who was the light of his house, to the afflicted parents, one of whom is watching now for the angel summons, to the brothers whose minds are thronged with so many sad and sweet memories from the old familiar places, we commend this precious truth, one of the beneficent laws of the Divine Providence: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." God is not revealed before

us, but ever behind us; and somewhere in the future, perhaps not far off, you will see the clouds of this darker hour lighted up with the glories of the Everlasting Love. Remember that the same Saviour who stood by the grave at Bethany stands also by this grave; and that his words are addressed to our human nature, bereft and bleeding at the touch of death: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Brothers and sisters of this church and society, we sympathize deeply with you in your bereavement. You had welcomed your young pastor to your homes and hearts with a unanimity and cordiality which promised abundant and precious fruits. Do not imagine that death has reaped them all. Do not imagine that your pastor's ministry has ceased among you. Some one has said very touchingly, "We never know that an angel has been with us till we behold his parting wing." Certain it is that the virtues of those whom we honor and love never live in our memories with such immortal fragrance as when death has placed upon them his sanctifying seal. Never do the words which have truly moved us, and cheered us on, speak to us so eloquently as when the tongue that uttered them is still. Never does the example of a life that was true and brave shine with so bright a lustre as when the spirit that inspired it has put on its immortality. The message of your pastor I doubt not would be, if those sealed lips could once more have language, "Remember the words that I spake unto you, being yet present with you." You will remember them all the more vividly now that you are to see him no more. In many an hour of thought and contemplation, they will start up in your memories, and call you to duty and to God. May they call with tenfold urgency and persuasiveness, now that we feel more sensibly at how slight a touch the strongest man may drop these coverings of mortality, and enter upon the great retribution! Now that the shepherd is smitten and taken from you, may the Great Shepherd be nearer to you, and gather you more tenderly into his heavenly fold!

It would be wrong to close these meditations in any other

strain than that triumphant faith with which our brother closed his life. We do know that we are immortal, because of these yearnings and aspirations towards the better land. It is not evidence that we lack, nor a revelation to us of its scenes and employments, but minds and affections brought into blissful harmony with its heavenly state. With these, heaven will be to us, not a dream, but a great reality; and the death of those we love will only bring it nearer and nearer. Let it be revealed as it may outwardly, it will only be to us an unsubstantial vision, so long as the attractions of this world only draw us to itself. But when we love the same employments which they love, follow the same ends, adore the same divine Saviour, we can say indeed, "I know that I am immortal," for the attractions of the world to come are then all-prevailing; and the voice will ever fall down to us from the innumerable multitudes, Come where the conflict has ended, and the wicked cease from troubling; come where the clouds and the thunders roll far beneath you; come where the leaf never grows yellow in the bower, and the changes are only from glory to glory; come where the walls of sect have fallen down, and the chorus of the one catholic Church, embracing all the good of all the centuries, ascends around one Lord and Saviour in one anthem of praise; come where the fellowship of saints is open as the noon, and human friendships and ties have no breaks and no farewells. These will be the invitations ever heard above us, more distinct and full with every new friend that has passed on. Then, like our brother, you will know that you are immortal; for, in all your cares and duties and sorrows, you will hear murmurs in the soul like the music of heaven, mel-  
lowed by distance, —

"As travellers hear the billows' roll  
Before they reach the sea."

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BE not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?

## HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

## VI.

## "JESU, MEINE FREUDE."

[JOHANN FRANK, 1653. Formed out of a love-song, "Flora, meine Freude," something like Watts's psalms from Solomon's "Song of Songs." It soon spread over Germany and beyond it, though not without objection. Peter the Great ordered its translation into Russian in 1724.]

JESU, my joy-giving,  
My heart's pastured living,  
Jewel I most prize :

Ah, how long 'tis dreary,  
And my soul a-weary,

While for thee it sighs !

I am thine,      And thou art mine,  
Lamb of God ! Oh ! nothing earthy  
Shall henceforth look worthy.

Under thy defending,  
I from all the rending  
Of all foes am free.

Let the thunders rattle ;  
Tempests blow their battle ;  
Jesus stands by me.

Though earth's ball      To ruin fall,  
Though both death and hell affright me,  
He will shield and right me.

Though my sin and error  
Quail at Sinai's terror,  
I my peace have got.

Let all perils hound me ;  
Fatal nets surround me ;  
Jesus fails me not.

Fears away Of judgment-day !  
Joyful in the vision given,  
Look I up to heaven.

Hence, ye vain possessions !  
 I have ever fresh ones, —  
     Jesus my supply.  
 Hence each empty honor,  
 With her pride upon her !  
     Glad I pass you by.  
 Miseries, straits,      And pains and fates, —  
 Howsoe'er I must endure them,  
     He is nigh to cure them.

All the hollow, fleeting,  
 Men are seeking, greeting,  
     I for me resign ;  
 And your pleasant vices,  
 Towards which it entices,  
     Fill no cup of mine !  
 Last good-night      To proud delight !  
 To a life by conscience chidden  
     Last "good-night" be bidden !

Spirits of disaster  
 Vanish ! for my Master  
     Turns to me his feet.  
 What are tears and sorrow ?  
 When his grace I borrow,  
     Troubles must be sweet.  
 Bear I here      Scorn and fear ;  
 Thou art with me in my grieving,  
     Jesu, my joy-giving.

N. L. F.

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REMEMBER, that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error, is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error ; for it is thy own, the activity which is exerted according to thy own movement and judgment, and indeed according to thy own understanding too.

WHEN another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee any thing injurious, approach their souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee.

## JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE.\*

THE publication of the book, the title of which is given below, is very timely. Especially should we be glad to send it wherever Renan's "Life of Jesus" has gone; for it contains much which is fitted in a very high degree to correct the impressions of that (to us) most unsatisfactory volume. The time has been, when those who love old things better than new took up Dr. Furness's books with a strong feeling of anxiety. We do not know that we are one whit more at one with him in our thought than we were then; but the destructive critics have gone so far and so fast in these last years, that one finds himself thankfully rejoicing in our Philadelphia divine as a defender of our dear old sacred stories. He seems to us a singularly fair advocate, and not to be misled by a fear of prejudice into great injustice towards old opinions. Most wisely does he write, "So strong is the disposition at the present day to cast doubts upon the Gospels, considered as credible histories, with so much acuteness and learning has it been attempted to undermine their historical authority, and so little has been done to cause their intrinsic truth to be seen, save in defensive resistance to such attempts, that it is not at all easy to keep a perfectly fair mind unswayed by any bias unfavorable to a perception of the actual truth." Dr. Furness has thoroughly studied the Gospels themselves; and in him is abundantly fulfilled that promise which ought to set at rest all controversies between a spiritual and an historical Christianity: "He [the Holy Spirit] shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." We are indeed quickened and guided by the invisible Spirit; but the Spirit takes of the things of Jesus, and with these stirs and directs us. We do not know where we should look for a more living image of our Lord than is set before us in these pages, whilst outline and coloring are as delicate as they are

\* The Veil partly lifted, and Jesus becoming Visible. W. H. FURNESS, author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Sold by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

vivid. Especially noteworthy is the testimony supplied by this book to the fact, that a faithful study of the humanity of the Saviour is the best way into the mystery of his transcendent being. Thoroughly human was the life of the Lord, as Dr. Furness expounds it; and he is strictly Orthodox here. "Very man," saith the Creed, as well as "very God:" not phantasmal, but really, truly human, was that manifestation; and yet so wondrously human, so permeated with the Divine, so sure to carry us up into the heavenly seats, so sure to lead in the most natural way to Dr. Furness's own statement, "that, in the history of Christ, we have an account of a new, original, unprecedented development of spiritual force, a new communication of the life of God to the soul of man." We are lifted beyond our sphere up into the unfathomable, almost as surely and swiftly as by the course of thought which makes the tenth chapter of Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural" so very striking and edifying. Dr. Bushnell argues from the perfections of Jesus, that he could not have been human; and yet he does describe the *veriest* of men, after all; that is, there is nothing which the present God might not bring into the light of our life under human conditions and in human circumstances. Our readers will find it, as we have found it, at once very interesting and very edifying to read the pages from Dr. Bushnell to which we have referred, in connection with this book by Dr. Furness. Both writers help us to reverence and love Jesus in a real, living way. They do not talk about him in vague superlatives, and the phrases of conventional piety; but they actually bring us again into the presence of our glorious and dear Master. To the one he is "very God," almost to the neglect of the fact that he is "very man:" to the other he is "very man;" but we see, just where it was meant we should see it, the light of the glorious Father shining out of the human face.

We wish to set down distinctly what we have already implied,—that we cannot go along with Dr. Furness in his handling of the Christian miracles; but we wish also to say, and just as distinctly, that he seems to us to have written an

eminently Christian book,—a book which will help men, women, and children to be earnest disciples of Christ, and enable them to understand how independent the Gospels are of a merely dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity. When the life of Jesus is so written, the Master takes hold of the world, as when he was with us, through his *character*: and, when we say “character,” we exclude neither words nor works, neither doctrine nor miracle; for the doctrines and the miracles were the expressions of his character, and wondrous illustrations of his moral life. There is great advantage in Dr. Furness’s reception of the miracles, even upon his peculiar theory, that so the Gospel stories are preserved for him in their integrity and as histories, not resolved into theological treatises composed with dogmatic intent, and illustrated by accounts selected for a purpose. Nothing can exceed the uncertainty as to the New-Testament writings (if we except a few of St. Paul’s Epistles) in which we are left by some modern critics; the Tübingen scholars, for example. It is refreshing to see again where we are, and that we are somewhere amongst those who do not need to have their dishonesty as writers ingeniously excused. We have dwelt upon this book rather beyond our usual measure in such notices, because we have been penetrated and helped beyond our usual measure by its pure and heavenly spirit, and because it has been so good to turn from the sentimentalities and the shallownesses and the inconsistencies, and withal the fine writing of Renan, to these sweetly simple paragraphs, as refreshing as to turn from an affected and over-dressed and made-up fashionist to the quiet yet glowing face and the modestly-robed figure of one whom it is an offence to call a Quaker, so truly and entirely is she a Friend. Let these inadequate words witness for, though they cannot repay, an obligation which is truly personal.

E.

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WHATEVER any one says or does, I must be good; just as if the gold or the emerald or the purple were always saying this: “Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald, and keep my color.”

## THE IRON COLLAR.\*

AWAY with it! — it doth profane the holy noonday light;  
 Its dreary presence jars the sacred harmony of right:  
 The tale of ruthless tyranny its cruel circuit tells  
 Were fitter told in charnel-vaults to sound of funeral-bells.

It should, like wingèd thunderbolt, arouse the indignant land;  
 Its touch, like living coal, should sear a soldier's honored hand:  
 'Tis worn and rusty with the flow of countless human tears,  
 And sums within its frigid round the agony of years.

Ah! (must I speak the scorching words?) a woman's form I  
 see! —

A form God made and quickened for the holiest destiny;  
 A youthful, maiden form, bowed down and manacled with chains,  
 And crazed with wrongs that set at nought the body's deadliest  
 pains.

'Tis branded with the owner's mark; 'tis soiled with dungeon-  
 damp;  
 'Tis scarred with being set, a goal, for bloodhounds in the swamp:  
 But 'tis the same on Jesus' feet the precious oil did pour, —  
 The same on Judah's storied hills that Mary, mother, bore!

O God! of what crushed lives this iron circle is the sign!  
 No human life elsewhere but has some ministry benign;  
 Some genial, loving, fireside hope for toil to lean upon;  
 Some joy that mirrors heaven before the golden gates are won.

Away with it! — or, better far, hammer and anvil bring,  
 And, blow on blow re-echoing, make it a shapeless thing;  
 That strangers passing shall not care to question whence it came,  
 And all its mournful history shall have nor place nor name.

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\* The readers of the "Religious Magazine" are many of them familiar with the fact, that there was on exhibition during most of the winter, at the store of Williams & Everett, in this city, where it had been deposited by Gov. Andrew, an iron collar with three long prongs, that had been filed from the neck of a slave girl in Mississippi by the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment. He found her in a dark, loathsome dungeon, where she had been confined until her reason had begun to give way. The collar had worn through the skin, and was bedded and festering in the flesh. Her offence, as told by her mistress, was that she had "runned away."

And cheer up, weary one! — the stars that note thy misery  
Crown with their silver light a million martyrdoms for thee:  
Cheer up! — in storm and midnight wild the veil was rent in  
twain;

And, lo! a morning dawned beyond, that never set again!

Cheer up! — thy proud possessor, love and mercy hath denied:  
A truer, tenderer Master comes; thy dungeon walls divide!  
He leads thee by his golden lamp beyond the fiery sea:  
Hold firm his hand; his touch is love, his law is liberty.

E. D. H.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

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#### JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

“Go out into the highways and hedges,” said the king in the parable, “and compel them to come in.” Our Saviour thus described the course which his apostles should pursue, and the classes among whom they would be most successful. As the guests first invited excused themselves from attendance at the marriage-feast, and the privilege designed for them was conferred on others; so the invitation of Christianity, disregarded by Jewish priest and Pharisee, became a blessing to the publican and the sinner, to the Samaritan and the Gentile.

Thus has it been often since. Great reforms have seldom made their first progress among those classes of society that are considered the most favored. The learned and the wealthy receive their suggestions coldly; being either satisfied with the existing state of things, or rendered timid by having much to lose, and by the knowledge their position gives them of the difficulties to be encountered. From this class, the earnest pleader for the glory of God, or for the rights of man, turns to the common people. He finds them in the highways and by the hedges, in the walks of their every-day employments; and not with the well-turned periods of the cultured orator, but with the manly eloquence of strong feeling, he “compels

them to come in," and unite their efforts for the advancement of the cause he advocates.

So it was, when, near the middle of the last century, formalism and indifference divided the sway of men's minds in the Church of England, and, to some extent, among the Dissenters also. The great and good men whom Providence then raised up to speak again the inspiring word, and kindle the hearts of their hearers as with fire from heaven, were but little regarded among the educated and the refined; were sneered at in the halls of Oxford, and excluded from the churches of the Establishment: but they went forth thence among the ignorant and the neglected, among hard-handed ditchers and grimy colliers, and there began a religious and moral reformation, whose influence has since been felt through every circle of society in England and America.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Protestant sects, uniting for their deliverance from a common enemy, had learned to look upon each other with toleration. It was a period, not of grand exertion nor of heroic endurance, but of moderation and good sense. The Church of England, under the primacy of the gentle Tillotson, had laid aside, as alike hopeless and unjust, the attempt to enforce uniformity of opinion; and the Dissenters, listening to the earlier strains of Watts, began to forsake the thorny ways of controversy for the pleasant paths of devotional and practical piety.

The lesson of toleration thus learnt was never quite forgotten. There was indeed a partial re-action in the reign of Anne, and the High-Church party began to speak again in a style that brought to mind the days of the Charleses; but a single incident may show how much the temper of the times was changed. The celebrated De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," published a pamphlet, in which, with mock gravity, he advised the authorities of the Church to commence in earnest a prosecution of all Dissenters. The satire was deeply felt; and, instead of the advice being taken, the book was declared scandalous, and its author placed in the pillory. Even this small piece of persecution

was a failure; for the feelings of the people were with De Foe, and his intended punishment became a triumph.

But times of quiet have their danger as well as times of strife; and, as years passed on, the religious mind of England, no longer excited by the contentions of sects, collapsed into comparative slumber. Scepticism prevailed among the higher class; and, to meet it, the few distinguished writers whom the age produced devoted their abilities to various works upon the evidences of religion. These were read by men of education and of leisure. The services of the parish church and the dissenting chapel were steadily attended; but in neither was there much to engage the hearts of the young, or arrest the course of the hardened sinner. Many were content with a religion of decent forms; and thousands of the less-favored classes seemed satisfied with no religion at all.

It was in these days of outward prosperity and harmony, but of indifference and growing worldliness, that a boy of seventeen, named John Wesley, became a student at Oxford. He was descended from religious ancestors. His great-grandfather and grandfather had been clergymen. Both had suffered ejection from their pulpits, and the latter imprisonment, for nonconformity. His father also was a clergyman, and, in those more moderate days, held peaceably a place in the Established Church. The mother of Wesley, herself the daughter of a nonconforming minister, was a woman of strong mind and of strictly religious character. She at one time offended against the tame proprieties of the age by conducting a religious meeting on Sunday afternoons in her house, when her husband was absent, and there was no afternoon service. An account she had read of the Danish missionaries had encouraged her to this effort after Christian usefulness; an instance, with many others, of the spirit of religious zeal kindled in a land from a distant source.

The childhood of John Wesley had been marked by singular events. When he was six years old, the house was set on fire at night by some wretches, who in this way tried to punish their pastor's faithfulness in telling them of their

sins. The family were in great peril: but all were saved, John being taken from a window, by a man raised upon the shoulders of another, but a moment before the roof fell in; an incident which led his pious mother to the resolution, to take especial care for the religious training of the child who had been so wonderfully rescued.

Some time after, the house of Mr. Wesley was the scene of some curious phenomena, which derive interest from closely resembling those known in our age by the name of "spirit-rappings." Unaccountable noises were heard, strange knockings, and dismal groans. Dr. Priestley, who had no faith in such manifestations, remarked, that the account of these was, perhaps, the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that was anywhere extant.

At college, young Wesley was noticed for his attainments in learning; but his heart had already turned to what was of still more importance. His religious thoughts were assisted, and his doubts cleared up, by the letters of his sensible and religious parents. His mother wrote to him thus, respecting the use of pleasure: "Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, — that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

After reading Taylor's excellent work on "Holy Living and Dying," "Instantly," he says, "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts and words and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium." He was ordained in the year 1725, and was soon after elected to a fellowship in the university. For a time, he officiated as curate for his father; but, after two years, returned to Oxford, and resided there as fellow and tutor. John had before been joined at Oxford by his younger brother Charles, and had endeavored to lead him in the same path of strict religion which he had chosen for himself. He seemed at first to meet with little success; but, on returning from his curacy, he found that Charles had not only followed his counsels, but

had gone beyond them. He had associated himself with a few other undergraduates for the purpose of religious improvement. They lived by strict rules, one of which was to receive the sacrament every week. Such an association at Oxford, in that age of lukewarmness, could not but excite ridicule. They were called by many contemptuous names, — the Sacramentarians, the Godly Club, and the Methodists. This last name, since become so famous, was evidently derived from their methodical life, with some reference, perhaps, to an ancient school of physicians so designated. On the return of John Wesley to Oxford, the club placed itself under his direction. Among its members was another, scarcely less distinguished in the history of Methodism than himself: this was George Whitefield.

Whitefield had heard of the Holy or Methodist Club; and, in spite of the general contempt, felt himself drawn towards them. He was held back, however, by a sense of his inferior condition: for he was a servitor; that is, a poor student, who paid for his education by menial services. At length, an incident occurred which introduced him to them. A man had attempted suicide; but, from some cause, did not succeed in his deadly purpose. Whitefield sent to request Charles Wesley to call on the poor deluded sufferer, and converse with him. The woman who bore the message was charged not to say who sent her; but she told the name, and Charles Wesley invited the young servitor to breakfast with him the next morning.

It is probable that this society of earnest young men went in some respects beyond the bounds of prudence and modesty. The precept of our Saviour, not to pray standing at the corners of the streets, might have deterred them from going in a company, through a gazing crowd, every Sunday to receive the sacrament. But that crowd were not only gazing, but scoffing; and the young men felt that they were not displaying ostentation, but bearing the cross of shame. A better development of their religious life was in acts of charity. The father of the Wesleys advised them to obtain the approbation of the bishop for visiting the prisoners; and

this advice was carried out. They received encouragement and direction at this time from the excellent William Law, the author of "A Serious Call to a Religious Life." He resided near London; and, to visit him, they travelled on foot, that they might save the more money for the poor. Not to lose time from their studies, they accustomed themselves to read while walking; and to converse together in Latin. In order to save money for charity, John Wesley also gave up the fashion, then prevalent, of having the hair dressed; and wore it, thenceforth and through life, long, and flowing upon his shoulders.

He was now desired by his elder brother to apply for appointment as successor to their father, whose health was failing. There were strong reasons in favor of it; but John felt that the field of usefulness before him at Oxford was such that it ought not to be relinquished. The father soon after died at a good old age, and with the happy death of the faithful Christian. The family were left in poverty. Among the means to which they looked for support was the publication of a work, which Mr. Wesley had left in manuscript, upon the Book of Job. John was charged to present the volume to the queen, in order to obtain her patronage.

When he was introduced, the queen was engaged in some sport with her maids of honor. He knelt on one knee, and presented his volume. She took it; said, "It is very prettily bound;" laid it in a window, unopened; and resumed her sport, after some kind words to the bearer.

It was at his visit to London for this purpose that he was desired by Gen. Oglethorpe, the founder of the new Colony of Georgia, to go thither to preach to the settlers and the Indians. At first, he strongly objected; but his objections were answered, the opportunity of usefulness seemed great, and his only doubt at last was with regard to leaving his aged mother. Her answer removed this objection: "Had I twenty sons," said she, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." He accepted the offer, therefore; and sailed for his new field of duty, accompanied by his brother.

On board the vessel which bore them to the shores of Georgia, the Wesleys found a company of Moravians; and the lessons he learned from that singular people make it proper that a few words should be said respecting them.

The Protestant natives of Moravia, a province in the east of Germany, had suffered for a length of time from the oppressions of an intolerant Catholic government. Numbers of them left their country; and at length, in 1722, they found a place of rest on the estates, and a protector and ultimately a leader in the person, of Nicholas Louis, Count of Zinzendorf.

This nobleman had, from early youth, given himself, heart and soul and fortune, to the service of God and man. He had bound himself by a vow to labor for the conversion of the heathen, — if not personally, by assisting those who should be qualified. He was but twenty-one when the Moravian exiles came to him with their petition for a place of refuge. He received them as brothers, granted them all they sought, prayed with them, and blessed God for their coming. He travelled to Moravia, and obtained from the Austrian Government leave for the emigration of their persecuted brethren still resident there. Subsequently, the count became fully identified with the exiles. Laying aside for a time his rank, he studied divinity, received ordination, and became a bishop of the Moravian Church. Under his guidance, the colonists on his estate formed a body, combined together by ties so close as to resemble rather those of a peaceful family than of a state; making religion not only the directing power, but the main business, of their lives. To the missionary work especially they early devoted themselves; and their efforts not only won triumphs for the cross in Greenland, and among our own Indians, but have contributed greatly to awaken in other denominations that spirit which has been so brightly manifested in our times.

From his Moravian fellow-passengers the mind of Wesley received a new impulse. Their conduct on board presented an edifying contrast to that of the English colonists. Under provocation, they were meek; in danger, self-possessed.

They said that even their women and their children were not afraid to die. On the arrival of the vessel at Savannah, Wesley met the Moravian pastor already resident there, and was deeply impressed and even awed by the apostolic plainness of his searching questions. John Wesley remained at Savannah: Charles took up his residence at Frederica, a settlement further south.

The ministry of the Wesleys in Georgia has had its softened resemblance in that of many a young minister, who, full of zeal, has carried his people with him at first; but, not tempering that zeal with discretion, has seen the bright promise of success changed into mournful failure. One of the first efforts of the older brother was to check the spirit of display which he found among his hearers; and, in a short time, the congregation laid aside gold and costly apparel. In a school which he taught, he gave another lesson, of which, if we think it unseemly, we must remember the trial it must have been to the refined graduate of Oxford. Observing that some of the boys looked down on others who went barefoot, he went barefoot himself for a time, to teach them humility.

These things were endured, and with them some High-Church practices which Wesley at a later period condemned; but they contributed to undermine his popularity, and a most unhappy affair of a private character completed the destruction of his usefulness in Savannah. His high ideas of church discipline led him to exclude from the communion a young lady, under circumstances which subjected him to the suspicion of using his official power to gratify private ill-will. Against the imputation of such sacrilegious baseness and malignity, Wesley's whole life is to us a sufficient answer; but, of that long and holy life, only thirty-four years had yet passed. He had acted injudiciously and harshly enough to alienate most of those around him; a prosecution hung over him; and it was time, both for the good of the colony and his own, that he should return to England.

The ministry of Charles at Frederica had met with trials outwardly more severe, though not so painful to the feelings; and he also left the shores of the New World.

The brothers were succeeded in their mission by Whitefield. As the ship which brought John Wesley back to England entered the harbor, that which bore Whitefield was departing. Wesley had time, however, to send him a message; and it was a very singular one. He had, with a presumption which cannot be justified, though his peculiar religious views may extenuate it, drawn lots for his friend; and, when the lot came out that Whitefield must return to London, Wesley sent it to him as an order from the Lord. Whitefield, however, had sense and independence enough to pursue his intended course; and the success he met with in America proved the rashness of his colleague's effort to penetrate into the counsels of the Most High.

Whitefield had, in the interval, passed through a memorable experience. He had sought to serve God by a course of severe austerity. He chose the worst food, and affected mean apparel. He exposed himself to cold, and, as he says, spent whole days and weeks in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer. He thus brought upon himself severe illness; and, at its conclusion, his doubts passed away, and he believed himself sealed by the spirit of adoption. Full of joy, he felt that his sins were pardoned; full of love, he hastened to communicate to others the glad tidings of salvation. He received ordination, and began to preach. The enthusiasm that filled his soul was aided by a voice, one of the most powerful, winning, and pathetic that God ever gave to any of his chosen instruments. After his first sermon, a complaint was made to the bishop who had ordained him, that fifteen persons had been driven mad by it. "I wish," answered the good bishop, "that the madness may not pass away before the next Sunday."

He preached in London, and crowds came to hear him. The path to the highest preferment was open to him; but his heart turned towards the scene of Wesley's labors in America. His friend had written, urging him to join him; and the trustees of the colony willingly accepted his offer of service.

While waiting the time of sailing, he continued his work.

At Bristol, all denominations flocked to hear him. The churches were as full on week-days as they used to be on Sundays; and, on Sundays, crowds went away for want of room. At a second visit, multitudes met him, saluting and blessing him as he passed along. He preached five times in the week; the crowd being so great, that he could hardly make his way to the reading-desk. At his farewell sermon, high and low, young and old, burst into tears; multitudes followed him home, weeping; and the next day, from morning to midnight, he was employed in giving spiritual counsel to those who came to see him. Similar enthusiasm greeted his re-appearance in London.

It cannot be wondered at that such "turning of the world upside down" created some uneasiness in those who were far from sympathizing with the popular excitement. Complaints were made that the crowds that followed Whitefield left no room for the parishioners, and spoiled the pews. Some disliked his doctrine, especially in its views of the New Birth; others were displeased at his familiarity with Dissenters. The clergy were beginning to talk of refusing the use of their churches, when the young apostle departed for America; and, on the same day, his older associate, John Wesley, returned to England.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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**ABOUT pain :** The pain which is intolerable carries us off; but that which lasts a long time is tolerable; and the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself, and the ruling faculty is not made worse. But the parts which are harmed by pain, let them, if they can, give their opinion about it.

How can it be that the gods, after having arranged all things well and benevolently for mankind, have overlooked this alone, — that some men, and very good men, and men who, as we may say, have had most communion with the Divinity, and, through pious acts and religious observances, have been most intimate with the Divinity, when they have once died should never exist again, but should be completely extinguished? — *M. Aurelius Antoninus.*

## SUNDAY IN PARIS.

So much has been said about Continental desecration of Sunday, that, very likely, one has ungrounded anticipations. The usual process of exaggeration is well known, and it cannot be thought strange if the usual effects have followed. Charges repeated hundreds of times, year after year, by writers, each of whom must be a little stronger than his predecessor, come at length to be ludicrously at variance with the facts. Then, when once the suspicion is started, that things are not as bad as represented, a mantle of apology is unfolded rather more ample than discriminating. The greatest sin and sinner can creep under it.

"Poi quel proverbio del Diavolo è vero,  
Che non è come si dipigne nero."

With its general suspension of secular business, with its closed shops, with its streets thronged with church-goers, and with its churches filled with worshippers, Sunday in Paris, in the forenoon, seems to be as religiously kept as it is in Boston. It is true, that occasional repairs upon streets too crowded on week-days for this work to be done, and, in summer, the hurrying of thousands of people to railway-stations for excursions out of town, jar upon the quiet of the day; but would there be less of this kind of bustle here, were Boston as large as Paris?

This is a matter of opinion; and, if there be some who would exclaim against the above statement as too strong, there are others who would affirm that it is not strong enough. Something depends upon an intimate knowledge of Parisian life which would correct the hasty judgment of a transient observer. A dozen weeks in the French capital continually increased my respect for its outward observance of Sunday.

The churches offer to the traveller a wide field for the indulgence of individual taste and conviction. At the American Methodist Chapel one will have generally a good sermon, and always those simple services endeared to us by habit. The American Episcopal Church, whose present scanty accommo-

dations will soon be enlarged by the erection of a house of worship, invites those who prefer a liturgy. As to the indigenous churches, one may well hesitate between the sumptuous rites of the Madeleine, the exquisite music of St. Eustache, the historical attractions of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, or the grand old pile of Notre Dame.

These and a hundred other churches of less note will probably be found crowded full of worshippers, who show a cheerful earnestness and marked satisfaction in their devotions. This is one of the most obvious and grateful impressions made on a visitor's mind. By the eager motions and gratified looks of a thousand persons around him, he is sure that he is with those who enjoy their religion, and who enter into its solemn services with spirit and life. The difference always reveals itself at once to the eye between those who go to worship "by custom led, by conscience dragged," and those who exclaim, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord;" and, if much that is here seen may be attributed to the character of a vivacious and demonstrative people, it is none the less pleasing, and soon has a contagious and winning influence.

At the Church of the Oratoire, with which I became most familiar, the attractions were simple services partly liturgical, a Protestant faith expounded in a noble and generous spirit, and the eloquent discourses of the two Coquerells, father and son.

Beyond its central situation, their house of worship has nothing to recommend it. Erected more than two hundred years ago for Roman-Catholic worship, converted into a place of public meetings of all sorts in the stormy times of the Revolution, it was fitted up, half a century since, for the use of a Protestant congregation, by abridgments and partitions which have deprived the interior of all symmetry and grace. To see the slicings and clippings which the large antique edifice has undergone, makes one shiver like the sight of the maiming of a human body. A plain partition cuts off the chancel as a library and parish-room; the narrow lateral naves, in their lower half, are thrown into corridors; the central

nave and the upper part of the side naves form the auditorium; while movable settees and innumerable chairs disturb all our pew-derived ideas of order and uniformity. Add to all, the whole interior has a battered and shabby appearance.

But one becomes quite indifferent to all this in the presence of a congregation of ten or twelve hundred hearers, profoundly attentive to a discourse delivered without notes, and with a vivacity of look and gesticulation to which nothing with us can be compared, though it is quiet and chaste by the side of an Italian preacher's manner. By his fluency of utterance, his graceful elocution, his high-toned Christian character, his courteous and generous spirit, his respectable attainments, more direct and practical than speculative and philosophical, M. Coquerell would be a man of mark in any community. At the age of seventy, he is the oldest Protestant preacher in Paris. He has been for many years widely known for his eloquence, and for important services in other than strictly professional walks of usefulness. Under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, he was for some time a member of the Corps Legislatif.

Besides six volumes of sermons, an *Essay on Christology*, another on *Modern Orthodoxy*, and an answer to Strauss's "*Life of Christ*," with several minor works, M. Coquerell has published, as late as 1860, "*Observations Pratiques sur la Prédication*," remarkable for its good sense, its excellent taste, its high conception of the preacher's office, and an earnest defence of his own style of preaching without notes. His wise and suggestive chapters are enlivened by anecdotes of his own ministry of half a century, including several years at Amsterdam and Bordeaux, beside his long service in Paris. We give in a note a short extract on the duty of preaching definitely about the sins of the times; for not only does it intimate the side he takes in our civil war, but it shows his clear foresight of its approach.\*

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\* "Se figure-t-on la prédication évangélique en Angleterre muette sur la question de l'émancipation des catholiques qui a changé du tout au tout la situation respective des diverses communions; en Allemagne, muette sur le réveil du vieux luthéranisme qui s'acharne à faire reculer s'il était possible le protestantisme de 200

He is happy in having a son who follows him in his profession, in his views of theology, in his persuasive speech, in the care of the same pulpit, and in his high place of public confidence and affection. A fresh outgushing enthusiasm gives him rare influence with the young. It was a pleasant thing to see thirty young persons, on Easter Sunday, the day of their first communion, the young women covered with long white veils, and all the candidates occupying the near front of the pulpit, and the church crowded with their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, their companions and friends, as all were addressed, in fervent words that drew tears from many eyes, on the duty of advancing in that holy life, the first step of which that day had signalized; and a pleasant thing it was afterwards to meet the congregation in the adjoining rooms and corridors, and to witness the warm welcome given to these neophytes amid holy wishes and benedictions. There was a heartiness and demonstrative vivacity in the scene beyond any thing known among us.

It is not at all unlikely, that a sight of this congregation, when seated for worship, might lead an American observer to an inference unfavorable to its general social position and character. Here are none of those "highest-priced pews" which with us marvellously facilitate judgment, and which, if they were not designed for this purpose, do yet serve as a dial to show at a glance who the rich and distinguished are. This convenient automatic register has there never been adopted. This is one perplexity. Another is found in the utmost plainness of attire. Rich clothes are left at home, and all seem to be dressed pretty much alike. Could any thing more sophisticate our American ways of judging?

Meeting this congregation at a *soirée* where style and

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ans et plus; muette en Suède sur ces lois d'intolérance, de persécution et de confiscation qui sont la plus cruelle, la plus mauvaise conséquence où une église protestante puisse donner; muette enfin, aux Etats Unis, sur la question de l'esclavage, cette menace sociale, cette abomination religieuse, grosse d'un orage dont le jour s'apprête et qui ne peut qu'éclater. Non, la religion chrétienne est la religion définitive de l'humanité, et à ce titre elle a son mot à dire sur tout. Nous montons en chaire pour voir le siècle de plus haut, à l'abri de ses hontes comme de ses atteintes, et pour lui dire chrétiennement son fait."

fashion were in place, and where men were named according to their eminent positions in the State, in literature and art, I was enabled to look beneath that uniformity in which the rich and the poor appeared before Him who is the Maker of them all. Before one attempts to fix the social position of this congregation, it may be well to have a like opportunity.

As the Reformed Protestant churches of France form an integral part of the Established Church of the empire, the clergy of this communion draw their pay from the State, though frequently their salaries are enlarged by the contributions of their flocks. The Coquerells stand at the head of the liberal wing of the Protestant churches, and find sympathy with several parishes in the city, and with a considerable number in the provinces. No separation has taken place between the Liberals and Orthodox which prevents an interchange of pulpits. The alliance with the State has checked any movement looking to this result. Herein the French Protestant churches seem to us to be more fortunate than were the New-England Congregational churches fifty years ago. Who can doubt that the interests of charity, peace, and truth, would have been more promoted, had not a separation been precipitated?

If, of the French Protestant Church, the liberal wing constitutes its most active, hopeful, and progressive portion, it is but justice to add, that distinctive Protestantism is probably making but slight advances in the empire. The earnest, absorbing struggle is in the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, between the Ultramontane party on the one side, and the advocates of an independent Gallic Church on the other. In this country we have no idea of the vigor of the encounter, and of the vast strength and confident hopes of victory of the National party. Its triumph, if its first effect be to check distinctive Protestantism, must give a new and resistless impulse to those principles of freedom, inquiry, discussion, on which all true Protestantism is based, and from which it draws its great hopes.

I have referred to Sunday forenoon. Sunday afternoon is quite a different thing. The churches are closed. In the

pleasant season of the year, the streets, squares, and gardens are crowded with those orderly, quiet, well-dressed, polite throngs of people which everybody has praised, and nobody has praised too much.

With us, while some plead for only one service on Sunday, others hope that a returning tide of religious life will sometime fill the churches in the afternoon with the multitudes of former days. Here is a large question, not now to be discussed. But there is one aspect of it, which deserves, as we think, more attention than it has received. The fact of a generally neglected religious service must of necessity have a damaging effect upon the reverential sensibilities of any community, and must tend to weaken the respect that is felt for any service, and impair the hold which the morning worship has upon the public conscience and heart. It must divide the public into two classes, — the small number who attend worship at all times, and the larger number who occasionally desert it; and it familiarizes every one's mind with the idea of this last division, and makes it easy to belong to it. If one, jealous of the honor of the house of prayer, should say that our present arrangements must in time educate nearly the whole community to a willingness to neglect it, it might be difficult to show that there is not much weight in that argument.

With us also, on Sunday afternoons, in pleasant weather, many are seen walking in our streets and squares. It is no part of my object to defend or oppose this; but all must be conscious of a striking difference between Paris and any of our American cities. In the former, there is no thought of any thing wrong in the Sunday-afternoon walk. It is as truly a part of the public religion as are the prayers of the morning. What freedom and light-heartedness and joyousness it gives! How different from a defiance of opinion, or a consciousness of unmerited blame! If it be a question, whether the American conscience on this subject be better than the French, there can be no question which suffers the greatest injury.

The effect of this free intercourse of high and low, rich and

poor, in European squares and gardens, is a subject of curious interest. There can be no doubt, that, for the education of the mass of the people, it goes a great ways to compensate for the lack of public schools, while it gives some things which schools cannot yield. Comparisons of different parts of Europe are suggestive. The re-unions referred to are not known in Scotland; and though a Scotch boy and girl may know more of arithmetic and geography, yet how awkward, rude, and boorish, compared with those of the same age in France and Italy?

Of the Scotch children, as of ours, a Frenchman would say, "On sent le Nord dans ces figures;" and though the difference in race is not to be overlooked, the people of the south of Europe having a much finer organization, still, beyond this, who does not see that this frequent mingling, even in the passing walk, with cultivated and refined people, must quicken the minds of the young, polish their manners, and give them gentleness and respect? With us, how strong is the tendency to exaggerate the importance of the education derived from a book, and to underrate that which comes from life, from what is heard and seen! The galleries of art, open freely to everybody, have a wonderful effect to stimulate and train the mind; and perhaps nothing would more elevate and refine our people, old and young, than such a gallery in Boston. And then, if, once a week, on some secular day, in our beautiful Beacon-street Mall, say from five to six of a pleasant afternoon, our people *could* meet together in free and friendly intercourse, as old and young, rich and poor, high and lowly born, meet together in Paris, in Florence, in Rome, would not all classes be made better by such intercourse? If aristocratic Europe can do this, would it not be a fitting expression of our republican professions?

But here we hint at the place where the shoe pinches. This freedom of intercourse can be expected only from those who are assured of their social position, and are at ease about it. As long as we all tease and fret out our lives in social rivalry, men and women will fear to compromise their position if they look at an old acquaintance even by the tail of

the eye, — to use an Italian expression denoting a furtive side-glance.

We shall have more friendly equality sometime. We shall outgrow scornful distinctions, still stubborn, — our inheritance from a proud and disdainful people. American admiration of the freedom of French society shows what we are made for. May the temper of the Divine Master, permeating our free institutions, root out the spirit of caste, and make us feel, that, if One is our Father in heaven, the correlative truth is, that all we are brethren !

H. A. M.

# N O W.

COUNT not, in idle dreams of bliss,  
To-morrow's golden sand :  
Hold fast, dear heart, the precious gem  
Time drops within your hand ;

Nor let its pure and priceless wealth,  
Ungarnered, slip away,  
While you, with folded palms, weep o'er  
The lost of yesterday.

Nor scorn its homely covering :  
Beneath it lies, be sure,  
Fresh from the good Creator's hand,  
A diamond heavenly pure,

Which, praying oft and fervently  
For faith that asks not sight,  
Labor and patient sacrifice  
Shall bring unto the light.

So may the lustre of its beams  
Enravish angel-eyes,  
And gild the spirit's upward way  
To God and Paradise !

E. D. H.

## TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS.

RELIGION is the handmaid of philosophy. Truth in the heart wins *truths* to the mind, and the mind is blocked by the heart's untruth.

For all that is of God is *one*. Truth and truths are one in his unity. Truth (or *truthfulness*) in the heart is a fruit of his Spirit; and the same Spirit it is, which, in the creation, offers to our inquiry so many half-revealed manifestations of itself, or truths.

The pervading presence of God in all objects of knowledge makes study a sort of God-worship. It constitutes a certain close affinity between him whose soul is filled with God, and all the truths included in God's creation. As we approach on the line of truthfulness the Centre from whom all things radiate, we at the same time come nearer to those other outgoings from God which are the objects of our study.

Thus fidelity to God's Spirit opens insight into his works; truth points to truths; knowledge is a fruit of piety.

This is true of all knowledge, but especially so of the knowledge of what we call moral truths. Truthfulness is itself a moral quality to which moral truths are essentially kindred. The oneness of piety and knowledge is hinted in the word "wisdom," which includes both. It was also intimated by Jesus: "If ye continue in my word, . . . ye shall know the truth."

There is, therefore, one essential condition to successful study: it is *truthfulness*. Our discoveries in science, especially in moral science, are vouchsafed us by God; and to win them we must be *en rapport* with him. All suggestions of truth come from God, upon the *occasion* of mental action, past and present. When we apprehend a new truth, we are thrilled with a divine inspiration: we feel it in our fibres. It recreates. It does not demand assent: it enforces conviction, so that one will even dare to die in maintenance of it. I cannot think otherwise than that the discovery of truth is immediate intercourse with Him who is Truth.

There are many speculators floundering in the fields of theology and ethics. They flounder because they are untruthful; and their failures and mishaps should not discourage the reverent and honest mind. These unhappy ones have set out with one eye fixed on the distant goal, and the other squinting crosswise at something else, — at popularity, propagandism, or personal aggrandizement; and, of course, their feet stray from the narrow path.

Oftentimes the most vigorous minds are crippled by a bias of untruth. The fame to be won by espousing a popular cause, entices one, who puts a high valuation upon his powers, to those ranks wherein the demand for genius most exceeds the supply; but, when he has converted himself into an article of commerce, what further can he do as an investigator? Another, who, being indolent, or doubtful how far his calibre may prove trustworthy, feels the need of a ready-made support for his batteries of assumption, makes haste to affiliate himself with the imposing class of respectables, and plants his inquiry upon the well-trodden ground of antiquity. He chooses his standpoint elsewhere than where God placed him. What God's help, then, can he receive?

Dishonesty assails men first at the most vulnerable point, where its workings are apparently most innocent, and certainly most concealed; and those are frequently dishonest in their hidden mental processes who are as yet truthful and sincere in all other respects. The taint is there; but it has not yet spread through the system. One can be for a little while (only) dishonest towards himself, while towards all else his dealings are candid and upright.

If, through bias of sect or clique, or social class, or education or pride or ambition, one closes his mind to truths which bring trustworthy credentials, and tries to persuade himself that he does not believe these, but conflicting dogmas, which, nevertheless, he *knows* that he does *not* believe, with him certainly dishonesty has commenced its work; the rot is in him; he is *false*. Having wilfully failed in the very first condition of right inquiry, he has only himself to blame if upon his eyes the light of God's truth shall never shine again.

Since there are moral conditions of successful inquiry, it follows that the apprehension of truth is a *personal* achievement, not to be vicariously accomplished. The individual must think out for himself whatever truth is to be truth *to him*. Hence all subserviency to oligarchies is slavish and suicidal. Neither church nor society nor antiquity can do your thinking for you. If you follow any creed or *ism*, if you attach yourself to any "car of progress," you relinquish your integrity; if you attempt to conform your thought to any arbitrarily selected mode, you foil your own thinking.

Partisanship is fatal to thought, even when it results from an earnest seeking of the best methods. "The word of God is not bound." The Divine Spirit which sanctions and directs all true inquiry must have scope for *free* action. God does not bring his thoughts to sects, but to thinkers. Sects cannot think. What absurdity, then, to allow them to *control* thought!

Partisanship is only a form of that mental dishonesty which is an insuperable obstruction to the thinker. Thought is our birthright, our high privilege, our exaltation. To barter it for a breath of fame is to cast off the divine vestment to be trodden under foot of men; and to yield it up in reverence for authorities is scarcely less, though less criminal a divestiture of divine gifts.

If one is chiefly intent upon arriving at the truth, he should guard vigilantly his *truthfulness*: it is his staff of reliance, without which he must falter and fail; it is his link of natural kinship with the truths which he seeks; and only as he preserves that will he find his kindred in the works of God.

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THINK not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; but of the things which thou hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not. At the same time, however, take care that thou dost not, through being so pleased with them, accustom thyself to overvalue them so as to be disturbed if ever thou shouldst not have them.

## OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

TACITUS said of the ancient Germans, that they believed in one God, to whom all things were subject; and that they believed in the immortality of the soul. This is some evidence of what the religion was which the Norsemen brought with them, wherever it was that they came from; for they and the German tribes were originally from the same quarter. Tacitus says, too, that the Germans worshipped God in no temples; and probably the Norsemen had religion in no creed or verbally expressed form, but only in certain feelings about life and the universe. Much ingenuity has been spent in endeavoring to make a system of Pagan divinity out of the allegories of a Norse John Bunyan, and the "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" of a Norse Milton, and the "Vision of Judgment" of a Norse Southey; compositions in which Norsemen made the Norse gods speak their own sentiments. And, no doubt, the Norsemen had sects among themselves, just as we Christians have; and they had among them misunderstandings of the metaphorical language of their remote predecessors, just as we have.

Probably in the Norse religion there was belief in many gods, some twelve, who dwelt in Valhalla, and were felt in the earth; and also in a Godhead, a Deity, nameless, inactive, uninterested, but who was to survive the ruin of the other gods, and the fall of the Valhalla, and the destruction of the universe, and then show himself to be really God, and be the life of the good, and especially of one of the old gods called Baldur.

All existence was instinct with the divine. The frost had that in it which was supernatural: so had the wind and the fire. There was a god of the sea and the winds and the rocks, and wisdom and poetry and love. All existence was wonderful, most wonderful, and was what a man's heart might well throb with feeling.

Valor was manliness, duty, and worship; but not such

valor as merely grasps a sword. A true man might look for Valhalla, and might expect happiness, even if the gods of the Valhalla should vanish, and there should rise from out of infinity the presence of another God, the All-father.

This was the Norse faith, I suppose, though with a hundred allegories and adventures of gods and heroes to illustrate it. And just as Christians have taken literally the metaphors of the New Testament, so, with these Northmen, often poetic statement was sometimes accepted as literal fact.

So nothing more shall be said here of the two different accounts which they had of the creation of the world, — of its all-being, the growth of the ash-tree Ygdrasil; and also of its being constructed out of the remains of a slaughtered giant, of whose skull was made the hollow firmament, and the mountains of his bones, and the sea of his blood, and the forests of his hair. Nor shall there be any account attempted here of Asgard, the city of the gods; nor of Odin, with his forty-five names; nor of his wife, who foresees the destinies of all gods and men, though she never divulges them; nor of the wicked god Loke; nor of the hearty good-fellow Thor, with a hammer in his hand always; nor of Nastrond, with Hela in it, and rivers of poison flowing through it, and with the wolf Fenri at its gate; nor of Jotunheim, the home of the giants; nor of how the good and beautiful and beloved god Baldur was to die; nor of how the giants would then war against the gods, and a serpent crush the earth in its folds; and the wolf Fenri devour the god Odin, and swallow the sun; and so it all be chaos again, with a God to rise from out of it, alone and eternal and good.

It would be forgotten as fast as it was read; and so there shall not any thing be told of Niflheim, nor of Hevergelmer, a great abyss where a snake-king gnaws at a root; nor of Mimer's well, in which truth is hidden; nor of how —

“The ash Ygdrasil  
Endureth toil  
More than men know.  
The hart gnaws it above;  
In the side it rotteth;  
Nidhug wastes it below.”

Nor will we stay to remember how there sits on a branch of this ash Ygdrasil an eagle who knows many things, and how between his eyes there sits a hawk called Storm-damper.

In some of the older religious poems, there are passages which are sublime. Here is a word-for-word translation of an account of chaos : —

“ This was Time’s origin,  
When nothing was, —  
No sand, nor sea,  
No cool billows :  
Nowhere was found earth  
Or high heaven.  
A swallowing throat there was,  
But no growth.”

That is what the world was before time began ; and this is the way in which the Norsemen thought that the world would end. Baldur being dead, his wife Nanna would die of a broken heart. They two would be burned together on a funeral pile ; and then, soon afterward, there would be the destruction of the universe : —

“ The sun all black shall be,  
The earth sink in the sea ;  
And every starry ray  
From heaven fade away :  
While vapors hot shall fill  
The air round Ygdrasil ;  
And, flaming as they rise,  
Play towering to the skies.”

And Norsemen had poetry like that ! and that was the high strain in which vikings of the eighth century could sing ! and thoughts like those were what the Norseman was possessed of, without any help from Greece or Rome, or from any thing Christian, and even without the help of writing ! Through the dimness of remote ages, perhaps there is faintly discernible, throughout the religion of the Norsemen, their poems, allegories, fables, and practices ; perhaps there is perceptible, just perceptible, a tone, a strain, a something which was derived to them from the time when all nations were of one family and one language, and recipients together, from God, of what is now called the primitive revelation. So,

at least, one might account for that, in their religious poems, which was such an astonishment to the early Christian missionaries of Norway and Iceland.

And well they might be astonished at finding, in the hyperborean regions, of the ancients sublimer poetry than was ever written in Latin, and a something better in religion than was ever known in classic Greece.

What a picture of future punishment that is in the "Völuspá, the Vision of the Prophetess"! —

"She saw a hall,  
Far from the sun,  
In Nastrond standing.  
Northward the doors look,  
And venom-drops  
Fall in through loopholes.  
Formed is that hall  
Of wreathed serpents.  
There saw she wade,  
Through heavy streams,  
Men forsworn,  
And murderers,  
And those who others' wives  
Essayed to blandish.  
There Nidhogg sucked  
Of the dead the bodies:  
The wolf, too, tore them.  
Conceive ye this, or not?"

There is a strain of high poetry and good morality in this; though Nastrond and Nidhögg are strange to us now. But there are writers on these Northern antiquities, who find Nastrond and Nidhögg a ridiculous faith, and who condemn the Norse belief of gods who were to die; and then that their heaven was some time or other to perish, though —

"Five hundred doors,  
And forty more,  
Methinks, are in Valhalla:  
Eight hundred heroes through each door  
Shall issue forth  
Against the wolf to combat."

Yes: their heaven even was to perish, as they thought. That was what they believed about the Valhalla of their hopes.

That was the Valhalla which brave old men thought of when they flung themselves headlong from high rocks, and for which sick persons had themselves scored with the spear-point before they died. The gods of their belief were doomed gods; and yet did they reverence them and worship them, and faithfully, almost fondly, hold to them.

Brave men as these Norsemen were, stern defiers of death as they were, their courage was not that of stupidity or insensibility. Themselves they could scorn death, and leap into the gulf with a shout; and yet they believed the world would sink in it, and the gods of the Valhalla vanish after. So sensibly did they feel about them a presence of sorrow and control, — the might of a something stronger even than their own gods.

Ignorant men they have been called for this. And so they were; pitifully ignorant. Such besotted folly as believing in gods, who, as they knew, were not eternal! But then something or other a man must have to believe in about life, and the powers that rule it; and this religion of Odin was what had come to them for acceptance. Still, it is objected, it was wretched weakness in them to believe in Odin and the Asa-gods; and in the boar Sæhrimner, which every morning is sodden for dinner, and which every night is whole again, and ready for the next day; and in the fable of the ash Ygdrasil and the Nornies, and the twilight of the gods, which is against their death. So unlikely and such inconsistent things! It would have been more creditable if they had believed in nothing, rather than in what they did!

But then it was not in their power to believe in nothing. Life was so real with those Norsemen, that they could not but be earnest about it, — about what it was, how it was, what it meant, and what it might turn to. Belief in nothing! As to the things of the spirit, no opinion at all about them! With this no opinion at all, a man can be a modern man, keep a shop and a ledger, eat and drink, dress and undress, sleep and keep regular hours. But, with this "no opinion at all," a man could not have been a Norseman; could not have risked his life very often; could not have been heroic; could

not have been a brave and earnest man, — a man without fear, and a man from whom the world's history so largely takes its character.

The Norseman felt what a real, what an intensely real thing life is; and so he could not but have some opinion about it, — a man of suffering and struggle as he was. "No opinion at all, much," is only possible for those who are living no life of a man at all, or much, — no life of earnestness. Only just go back, and stand among those Norsemen, and feel as earnestly as they did; and there will be no such nonsense to you then as this "no opinion."

No opinion! As though no opinion at all were not the strangest of all opinings! "Nothing in life, nothing certain," would the Norsemen have said: "Oh! but there is for those who do something in it." And to the earnest soul, always, under some form, there is something of religion that is true. No opinion at all about life as it is, and is to be, — this may be possible for Sybarites couched on rose-leaves, and for mere money-getters grown stupid with counting: but it was impossible for the Norseman; and it will remain impossible for ever for every man of simplicity and directness and earnestness and exertion.

The Norseman asked himself, "I — what am I in this world for?" and out of his stout heart came the answer, "For struggle, for hard struggle, and for heroism if thou wilt." And he asked the Past what he was made for: and a thousand and ten thousand voices seemed to answer him, "To suffer as we have suffered; and to die at last, as we have died; and to be heroic as we were." There stood Pain by him, uttering itself in frost and hunger and enemies, and asking him, "Thou! — what art thou in the world for?" and his answer to the stern question was, "For valor; to be valiant." And Death stood frowning at him, and asking him, "Mortal, what art thou made for?" and into the very arms of Death leaped the Norseman, and cried, "To have thee for my way to Valhalla!" Oh, what contempt of pain there was in those Norsemen! what a conscious strength of soul! what defiance of death! what a thorough persuasion of immortali-

ty! It came from the soul which was in them, — the strong and brave and earnest soul.

But such inconsistency, such illogical conclusions, as this Norse religion runs to! Well, so it does! But then there is such a thing as an inconsistent and illogical life. The last day having arrived, and all souls having come into the presence of the All-father, and been constrained into sincere statement, the Norseman says, "I believed in valor, and valiant I have been; and there is nothing can be brought against me that I have ever feared, — not winter in the open seas, no threat of an enemy, not even the weapon I died by:" while many a Christian finds himself obliged to plead, "All my life, I believed in Jesus Christ; and at last, when there was nothing else to do, I forgave my enemies." An insincere life was not common among the Norsemen; for the man of the saga and the sword lived by faith. His life very commonly was not one thing, and his religion another. He believed in valor, and he was not an inconsistent man. He was not a valiant poltroon, a brave coward; and, when he rushed at death, it was not in make-believe. A direct, earnest, thorough man, he was religiously what we call sincere.

They are not the best of all conclusions, that valor is the great virtue of life; and a seat in the Valhalla, man's highest hope. But they are such a belief as the Norseman had to live by.

Oh! we know not how the human heart in other ages yearned and craved for some world-theory. Our feelings have been deadened towards what a Norseman would have died to know, mostly from the want of sincerity in our lives; though in some small degree, also, because we had the Bible in our hands before we wished for it; and because we were compelled to sit in a holy presence in the church, before our hearts were earnest enough to feel it aright; and because our souls have been dulled to the feeling of infinite truths, from our having been wearied with them in catechism and sermon; and because, from our earliest days, our hearts have been warned and hushed to be silent on many a matter, out of which arise wild questionings which will be answered in one

way or another, and which will accept any thing as an answer rather than nothing.

The God Baldur coming up again out of Hel, the place of death; Lif and Lifthrasir coming out of Hodmimir's forest to be parents anew of the human race, — in that Norse belief in fables, the poorest of them, it is for us not to be glad of a superstition which we ourselves are free from, but to mourn an earnestness which we ourselves are without, and to know of a religious want which somehow has been choked in us. Oh, could we have an hour's talk with an old Norseman, what good it might do us! And perhaps simply to know how earnestly he felt may avail to make us more earnest.

That Norse-life is such a strange contrast to our modern life! Our ways of living are far more orderly, and also more formal; more settled, and also more mechanical; far more nearly right in some respects, and not quite so right in some others. The Norsemen had not a book to read; but, with learning their sagas by heart, their minds were more surely exercised than with that reading which scarcely remembers, and never thinks. They were destitute of written laws and the lawyer's science. This was a disadvantage. But also there was some advantage in their having to reason out a case of justice, not by the letter of the law, which often kills, but by the spirit of righteousness as best they could feel it.

Wild and perilous life! — sea-kings on the water, and on land the blood-avenger astir with his keen sense of honor and keener sword. A wild life, but a life of earnest, — of such earnest, from boyhood to the grave, as is felt now only by some few more fervid spirits.

Oh, but the thousand improvements which we have! They are improvements only, and not perfections. Outrages promptly repressed by the constable, and oftener still prevented; peace secured by so many means along the whole frontier of an empire; everywhere an abundance of books in which to read; all the news of a whole country ours, in the daily paper at breakfast, without any trouble; for food, articles from all parts of the world, and even from quarters

which we have never heard of; for burial, coffins ready made, and hearses which have been patented; and for comfort, such pleasant contrivances! Such a saving as there is now in time and thought (ay, and in heart too)! such machinery for every thing!

Ay, such machinery! And of this, somehow, there is on us an effect which ought not to be. Our ways of life are mechanized. Our thinking grows mechanical, and our feelings become so too. And all this is not so well. Also these mechanical improvements, and the comforts which come of them, agree better with a man's selfishness than his heroism; are what will help him to take care of himself, better than aid him in conduct which is unselfish, high, heroic.

Government, in all its movements, as regular as clockwork: that is excellent. Commerce nearly as regular as machinery: that is excellent. Knowledge facilitated by machinery: that is excellent. But it is not so good if you yourself become mechanized; if wonder ceases from your soul, and heartiness from your feelings.

Outward circumstances do not favor heroism now as much as they did in Norse times. Nay, what is called heroism — a high, self-sacrificing behavior, a worship of honor rather than of gold, and of magnanimity over personal advantage — is what a man can be drawn to in the world, as it is now, almost only by him, not to be named by name just here, but who was himself "not of the world."

The Norseman was a man whom the thunder could awe, and the splendors of the firmament amaze; whom life in any thing astonished, because of where it came from, — in the round of the seasons, the instincts of a bird, and the growth of a tree. He was a man who could thrill with forebodings of his destiny, or even at what might be the meaning of a dream: he was a man to whom it was wonderful what life might turn to, and what eternity might have to disclose: he was one who could live, and who did, for something better than bread, or than buttered bread either: he was a man with whom courage, a something of the soul, was better than life: he was a believer in immortality; and, in his thorough persuasion

of it, he could open for himself the gate of death, and press through.

And now with him contrast a modern man of a class which is rather numerous.

This modern man knows all about the universe, and how the earth was made; he knows that thunder and lightning are just what he can make himself at the electrifying machine; he knows perfectly about the human mind, and how character is the certain result of circumstances; he knows what God is, and must be, and always will be; he knows what prayer is, and how it is that men happen to pray, and precisely what prayer effects; he knows what the laws of Nature are exactly, and what must come of them, just as of the working of a machine. As a man, he never breaks the commandment; but he never keeps it: for his life is mechanism, and with no soul in it.

Very knowing, and very correct! And yet there are reasons for which, perhaps, this man had far better have been a Norseman, like Erling the bonder.

For it is false science, by the light of which a man walks the world without any feeling of mystery in it; it is but ignorant knowledge which is without reverence; and it is a decline in existence, it is a downward stoop, it is sure degradation, when, from having been a child of God, a man comes to lean on his own understanding.

The Norseman was not altogether the same man on a viking cruise that he was on his farm. Nor perhaps was he the same, the last few years before becoming Christian, that he was before his Paganism was quite exhausted of its virtue.

But take the Norseman when he was most truly himself, and let certain matters belonging to him be interpreted by his own understanding of them; and then this was the Norseman. Brave always, and sometimes almost chivalric; very earnest; a man of ability at almost any thing, — farming, fishing, fighting, law, and commerce; a most energetic man; a religious man; a little melancholy, and yet easily mirthful; very respectful, and indeed reverent, towards the character of

women, and of quite a poetic mind ; a fair-haired, blue-eyed, small-handed man.

And this was he that came, with others not unlike him, out of Asia. They overspread a large portion of the Roman Empire ; and, men of energy as they were, they renewed the debilitated, degenerated, deboshed inhabitants of what had been Roman countries. And as the gospel came into the world in "the fulness of time," so did these Asiatic tribes ; and, barbarians as they were called, they were men capable of becoming better Christians than the enervated dwellers of Rome or Athens. And indeed, to the best purpose, the world now is Christian through them, — through the Christianizing of their strong characters.

We have considered what the Norseman was in himself, and what he has been in his influence on the world. And perhaps we may have derived one or two thoughts which may do us good from our ancestor the Norseman ; at least, with our thinking of him and his actions, we have been helping to verify the sentiment of the Theban poet : "Great deeds are mighty sounds that wander eternally over earth and sea."

And to have this true of himself was the highest hope of the Norseman for this life ; though, of all his hopes, the greatest and the most characteristic was that of another world.

Another world, believed in, without its ever having been preached, — what a groundless persuasion ! A hereafter trusted in by vikings, men of blood and Odin, — what an unjustifiable fancy ! But then it was not that they fancied it, but that there was in them faith in it. Downright men as they were, they were not brain-sick people of fancy.

"Let your communication be Yea, yea ; Nay, nay." And, tried by this precept, many of these old Pagans would appear to be far superior to persons who indeed are of orderly lives, but also of equivocating speech, and almost who have lost the power of being sincere even with themselves. There are religious books of the present day, in the twentieth edition, which do not yield as much apostolic salt for the world as

those old sagas of the Norsemen. And there were vikings even, who lived for Valhalla, who yet will walk the streets of the New Jerusalem in peace and love, while the hypocritical children of the kingdom are weeping, and gnashing their teeth, in outer darkness.

In the works of these ancient scalds, these old sagas, there is a something which convicts the present age of a great want, and which is evident, especially as to politics and theology, — a lack of fearless sincerity. These sagas are the histories of fierce Pagans. This must be granted. But, though these men were without the law, they were yet a law unto themselves; and hypocrisy, at least, is a charge which cannot be laid against them. They were not men to be accused by Job of any thing like the vice of speaking wickedly for God, and talking deceitfully for him. And indeed they are to be thought of as likely subjects for grace, in comparison with such persons as are to be encountered, at present, almost everywhere, — men who would be afraid of inspiration by the Holy Ghost, if even they could have it; whose souls inhale only the breath of public opinion; and with whom it has become almost instinctive to quench in themselves that inspiration of the Almighty which would give them understanding.

W. M.

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If thou didst ever see a hand cut off, or a foot or a head lying anywhere apart from the rest of the body, such does a man make himself, as far as he can, who is not content with what happens, and separates himself from others, or does any thing unsocial. Suppose that thou hast detached thyself from the natural unity, — for thou wast made by nature a part, but now thou hast cut thyself off, — yet here there is this beautiful provision, that it is in thy power again to unite thyself. God has allowed this to no other part, after it has been separated and cut asunder, to come together again. But consider the benevolence with which he has distinguished man: for he has put it in his power not to be separated at all from the universal; and, when he has been separated, he has allowed him to return and to be united, and to resume his place as a part. — *M. Aurelius Antoninus.*

## SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND THE LAW OF ITS GROWTH.

I APPREHEND that Christians do not differ much as to the nature and quality of spiritual life. However they may differ in respect to the surest and speediest mode of acquiring it, there will be found to exist a pretty general and close agreement as to the real nature of this life, what it is, and how it manifests itself. No one possessing any just appreciation of Christianity, or who has ever had any experimental knowledge of Christ's redeeming love, would think of calling a merely selfish, sensual, worldly man spiritual. All agree that the carnal and selfish life of the natural man is not spiritual life: it is mere animal life. Nor is the life of the intellect, however healthy and active, spiritual life; for there is many a man, of vast intellectual powers and attainments, who knows not what true spiritual life means. No man knows what it is, who has not, to some extent, denied himself for the Lord's sake, and learned to live for others.

Spiritual life, then, is heavenly life, — the life of God in the soul of man; the life of that genuine, unselfish love, which seeketh not its own, but the good of others. It is the activity of a will whose ruling purpose at all times is to glorify God by acts designed and calculated to bless mankind. It is life, therefore, which, wherever it exists, is perpetually outworking itself in all sweet and gentle charities, in all disinterested and neighborly acts, in all helpful and inspiring words, in all noble and manly deeds. Such is true spiritual life, and such the mode of its manifestation. It is of the same nature, precisely, as the life which the angels in heaven enjoy; and therefore it manifests itself in the same ways as theirs. It is the truly human life; and there is no other kind of life that is properly human.

But what a great and fearful gulf there is between this life, and the cold, heartless, selfish life of the merely natural man! There is nothing more humiliating, nothing more sad and discouraging, to those in whose hearts the work of regeneration has commenced, than the wide and mournful contrast which

they cannot fail to observe between the selfish life of the natural man — their own life as yet — and that truly human or angelic life disclosed in the heavenly sense of the divine Word. To see those shining ones above, all so prompt and happy in doing the Father's will, finding their supreme delight in serving rather than in being served, seeking no pleasure or gratification or gain for themselves alone, loving others even better than themselves, and perpetually striving to promote their happiness; and then to see in ourselves such mean and calculating selfishness, outcropping all along at every turn on the great highway of life, — in the family, in the shop, in the counting-house, and in all our private and public walks; to see how little of the life of the divine humanity there is within us; how seldom we act from a genuine and disinterested love of others; how eagerly we clutch at whatever we imagine will be for *our* advantage; how much more ready we are to go out of our way to gratify some selfish feeling, than to bestow a blessing or do some neighborly act; when those of us, I say, upon whose souls has dawned something of that crystal light of the upper realms, observe this contrast between our own life and the life of heaven, it makes us very sad. Or, if it do not, the case is sadder still. Sometimes we feel almost like sinking in despair. Our outward life, perhaps, is all fair enough, — beautiful as a whited sepulchre. But this alone does not satisfy. We long for the free, spontaneous movements of God's spirit within. We long for the up-welling in our hearts of a deeper, warmer, purer love. We long for life more akin to that which the angels enjoy, — a life that centres not in self, but pours itself forth like the beams of the unwearied sun, to cheer and gladden all around. We long for this heavenly life; and still it does not come. We pray for it; and still the old, hard, selfish life clings to us, and follows us like a shadow.

It becomes, then, the great and paramount question which every Christian should settle clearly in his own mind, How is this true spiritual life, this life of disinterested neighborly love, to be secured? What are the conditions required for its development and growth? for we may be sure that this

life, like every other, has its conditions of development, its law of growth. How is it, then, that the heart-renewing and soul-invigorating spirit of Christ (who is our true life) comes down to the plane of conscious perception, or to what Swedenborg calls the natural degree of our minds, and diffuses itself throughout that degree, imparting to all the faculties a life unknown before, kindling in the heart new emotions, and causing it to throb with a new and divine life? What is the condition upon which this life of God descends into us from heaven, and becomes *our* life? I answer, *Willing and Christ-like service.*

How is it that we learn to love our heavenly Father? Is it not by first compelling ourselves to do the Father's will? For love to God is not, as some have supposed, a natural product of the human heart. However it may have been in the infancy of our race, we know that this love does not now spring up and grow spontaneously. If it did, what need were there of all that striving and self-denial and cross-bearing and inward warfare which the gospel enjoins? But it comes just in the degree that we religiously strive to keep the commandments, or seek to serve God by doing his will. The more faithfully we serve him, though the service at first be rendered through stern self-compulsion, the more ardently do we come to love him: and, at last, we find in his service our true freedom, our purest and sweetest delight; for it is always delightful to serve one whom we sincerely love.

And since it is by voluntarily *serving* God that we learn truly to love him, so it is by *serving* the neighbor that our hearts become filled with true neighborly love. Yes: it is through ministry and service alone, through willing devotion to the good of the neighbor, or to works of manifest use to society, that He who is our true life, and whom the Scripture calls "the bread of God," comes down to us and in us, and imparts to our cold and torpid souls the quickening life of heaven. The Son of man came not — he *never* comes — to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Observe that mother with a sickly, deformed, and helpless

child. For many long years, her life has been devoted to ministering to its hourly wants. She has soothed and cheered it by day, and watched over it with unwearied patience through more than half the weary nights. It is peevish and fretful, — not half so sweet in temper or comely in aspect as either of her other children. But let that poor helpless creature be suddenly taken from her, and her heart bleeds more freely than it would at the loss of any other child. She now finds that she loved that little sickly lamb more than any other in the flock. And *why* did she love it most? Because she had watched and tended and served it most. Ah! here is the grand secret. Her devoted and willing service is what unlocked and kept open within her the gates of heaven, and let in so much of God's own life into her heart.

This is a familiar illustration of a grand and momentous truth; which is, that neighborly love comes through the performance of neighborly acts, or voluntary efforts to *serve* the neighbor. This is the sole and God-appointed condition. And we might as well expect that the eye will brighten or the limbs strengthen without exercise, as that true spiritual life, the life of heaven, will be given us upon any other condition. Yearning and longing and praying are, indeed, important, — are needful; but these alone will not bring this life, any more than they will bring the glow of health into the cheek, or strength and vigor into the limbs. Living, acting, doing, — this is the law, the fixed and unalterable condition, of growth in either case.

You long for the bread of God to come down from heaven, and give you life such as the angels enjoy, do you? You long for a warmer, tenderer, more unselfish, and sympathetic heart, for more of true neighborly love, do you? You yearn for it and pray for it? Then go out of yourself, and try to live for others. Try to do something to dissipate the darkness, to lessen the burdens, to alleviate the sorrows, to multiply the joys, to smooth the rugged pathway, of some neighbor. Try to extract some rankling thorn, or to pour a little oil and wine into some bruised and wounded soul. Seek out some friendless and needy object on whom to bestow your sympathy, your

generosity, your offices of kindness. And you need not go far: such objects exist in scores all around you,—objects needing sympathy and comfort, if not material aid. Do this, and see how your cold and hard-hearted selfishness will begin to diminish, and your neighborly love to increase! See how the windows of heaven will be opened within you, and your before waste and barren soul begin to be flooded with the gracious outpourings of love from on high! It is the outgoings of our own thoughts and feeling, with intent to bless, that cause the plentiful incomings of the divine love and mercy, agreeable to that divine declaration, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

You are a husband, and you do not love your wife as you ought. You care little or nothing for her; and her lone and trembling heart withers under the cold blight of your indifference and neglect. You know it is so; yet you earnestly wish it were otherwise. You mourn, do you, over your cold, indifferent, unloving state toward her whom you have taken for the partner of your bosom? You pray God that it were otherwise? Well, friend, you have only to comply with God's conditions, and he will make it otherwise. He will change your unhappy state. He will take away the feelings you deplore, and give you those for which you yearn. Begin, then, by endeavoring to make your wife as happy as you can. Seek to perform all your duties as a husband with religious fidelity. A tender plant your wife may be, and in need of tender nursing; sweetly blossoming in the sunshine, but quickly nipped by the frost. First, take care that no look or word or act of yours shall needlessly wound her feelings. If she has faults, (and who on earth is without them?) never blazon them abroad, never allude to them in the presence of others; for this will only grieve and discourage her: but gently point them out in private, and help her, with long and tender and patient forbearance, to overcome them. Next, study how to strew her path with all the sweetest flowers you can. Away with all obstructing thorns, and bring what roses you can find. Strive by all kind and gentle offices, by warding off sorrows or soothing her under them, by saving

her all the trouble and fatigue you can, by lightening as many of her burdens as you can, by a thousand little nameless but delicate attentions, which your wife would prize more than a sceptre or a crown, — strive by ways and acts like these to cheer and encourage and hold her up, as the sturdy oak supports the vine that throws its tendrils lovingly around it. Do thus, and your heart, hitherto so cold and lifeless toward her whom you have sworn to love and cherish, will begin to throb with new emotions; and keep on doing thus, and, sure as God is good, his love will descend into you from heaven, and in due time will flood your soul, if not with the pure delights of conjugal love, at least with the life of heaven-born charity.

Similar remarks are applicable to wives, who inwardly mourn that they do not love their husbands as they ought. The feeling of love does not come in answer to one's desire, however sincere and strong. It is not a thing to be secured by mere volition. It comes as the consequence — the sweet and heavenly reward — of *faithfully and religiously doing our duty*. This is the way, and the only way, that our spiritual life can be developed or strengthened and matured.

And as in the maternal and conjugal, so in all the other relations of life. It is by voluntary efforts to serve the neighbor, not from any selfish end, but in obedience to God's command and for the sake of our neighbor's good, that the gates of the kingdom are unlocked within us, and the soul's true life, the life of disinterested neighborly love, is permitted to flow down from the divine humanity in copious and perennial streams. Do you wish for a loftier and purer patriotism, a more intense and unselfish love of country? Then go, work for the honor and welfare of your country. Go, labor and sacrifice and suffer in its defence. Give time and money, and brothers and sons, to maintain its integrity, and keep its honor untarnished; and, when you have done this, you will find such a flame of patriotic ardor kindled within you as will never again be quenched.

Do you long for a deeper and stronger love of the Church of Christ, or any particular branch thereof? Then seek to

render some service to the Church. Go, *do* something that needs to be done to extend the sphere of its hallowing influence. Give of your time, your talents, your wealth, your influence, to promote the prosperity and growth of the Church; and *keep on* doing and giving, and ere long the fountains of love will be unsealed within you; and what at first you did with reluctance and through self-compulsion, you will come at last to do with gladness and delight of heart. Your efforts to serve the Church will, by and by, open the avenues of your soul to a copious influx of that genuine love of the Church, whose lack you now deplore.

And so it is always. The life of Christ, who is the soul's true and living bread from heaven, descends into us, and becomes *our* life, just in the degree that we comply with the conditions of its descent. When selfishness has frozen up the currents of the soul, and dreary winter reigns within; when your heart throbs with no emotions of love for wife or friends, or country or church; then go out of, and, as it were, away from, yourself. Go out, although you go cold and shivering at first, and compel yourself to do some service for somebody. Go out, and *try* at least to do something, by word or deed, to comfort, enlighten, strengthen, and save. No matter if the service be ever so humble: if it be performed *for the Master*, and with intent to bless, your soul will not fail of its sure reward. For "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward." Go out, even though you go mourning and in sadness, and you shall experience the truth of the Psalmist's sweet words: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Go forth, and try to confer some blessing on those around you; and the very effort will loosen the icy fetters around your heart, and cause the rills of spiritual life ere long to play and dance within you. B. F. B.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

ARE we ready for them?—ready to make thorough work at last? There is enough before us to secure the privilege of an entirely earnest life for every soul, throughout the land, who would live such a life.

I. And, first, a work as to which all claim to be agreed. It is the duty of every citizen, who believes in the rights of a just and merciful government, to do his part in conquering, and for ever restraining from mischief, the authors and the promoters of this Rebellion against true constitutional democracy. Those men, having no grievance, are guilty before God and man of the sin and crime of rebellion. It is no more inconsistent with Christianity to visit upon them the penalties of their sin, than it is inconsistent with Christianity to maintain prison-houses; and, if we look at the consequences of crime, what can be more fatal than the consequences of rebellion? To what, we ask of the leaders of the Confederacy, to gain what high and sacred end, have you sacrificed the young men of our land by tens of thousands?

II. It is our duty to use this providential occasion so persistently for the cause of Freedom, that the bondage of man to man shall cease throughout the land. We shall have earned by our sacrifices and bitter sufferings the right to demand for the slave this boon, this justice rather, from all who have been implicated in the great crime of rebellion; and, if we obtain it from them, the rest follows by purchase, or in some other fair way, as a matter of course. Are we reminded that philanthropy is not a thing to fight for; that so to fight is to be fanatical? Our answers are three:—

First, If philanthropy is not a thing to fight for, it is nevertheless most fortunate when those who chance to be fighting for something else have a philanthropy, and not an inhumanity, on their side. Second, It has always been urged, at least by its Northern advocates, that slavery is not a religious or moral, but purely a political matter. Now, if it be purely a political matter, it is a thing to fight about. And, third, It was the friends, and not

the foes, of human bondage, who took the sword ; and of them it is written, "They that shall take the sword shall perish by the sword."

III. Again : it is the duty of the hour to lift above want and degradation the emancipated South, black and white, what has been bound, and what has been called free ; though, indeed, often more sadly bound than the bondmen and bondwomen of the land. Our civilization — would it were more equal to the task, and more truly Christian ! — is called upon to carry the arts of peace and the blessings of a religious and intellectual training into the cities and villages and fields which war has desolated. We must stand between the blameless sufferer and starvation. Bread and organization, books and schools and churches, must follow the armies : so we must subjugate, so we will assume their debt, so we will guarantee to our poor victims their rights, — not the right to hold men in slavery, which they have happily forfeited for ever, to the great contentment of gods and men ; but the right to labor, and eat the fruit thereof ; to go to school and to church ; and to be men every way, and neither "trash" nor chattels. This is the revenge we would have. We shall have enough to do for friends and for foes, for white men as well as for black men. As yet, it would seem, open-handed as the community has become, we have only begun to give.

The wants of East Tennessee are not yet met, and there are other desolations besides that. The prospect now is, that the white refugees will demand more aid than the freedmen. Schools have been organized by these freedmen, in and around Nashville, in which over eight hundred children receive instruction from teachers paid by their parents, — slaves just emancipated.

The labor of the freed colored people at Port Royal, and upon abandoned plantations on the Mississippi River, is represented by those who have carefully investigated the subject, and have given us the actual figures, as eminently successful, even in very discouraging circumstances. The last number of the "North-American Review," in the article on the "Future Supply of Cotton," contains many very interesting and encouraging details of free-labor experiments amongst populations reputed very ignorant and heavily drawn upon for military purposes, and, in some instances, embarrassed by the attacks of guerillas. Thirty-three freedmen, by hiring their less enterprising companions, have earned on the Mississippi River an average of three thousand dollars each for the work of a single season ; from which it would appear that

they can take care of themselves. But there also is work enough to be done, as the call from the Western Sanitary Commission abundantly shows.

IV. And yet, again, there is a duty of the hour towards our Union soldiers. To reverse the sentence of the apostle, — it is but just that they who have ministered unto us in carnal things should receive from us in spiritual things. War affords opportunities for evangelization as well as peace.

The American Unitarian Association has published exceedingly valuable tracts for the men of our armies in camp and hospital, and is crippled in the work of distribution only by want of pecuniary means. We wish to call the attention of our readers specially to this matter, — to the desirableness of supplying the soldier with cheering and elevating books. We do not speak in behalf of any denomination: and yet we are entirely prepared to say, that money cannot be better bestowed than in distributing the army tracts of the American Unitarian Association; and that, as it seems to us, their enterprise in this way has claims upon Liberal Christians which the Christian Commission has not. Mr. John Ware's tracts alone have already reached three hundred and ten thousand, and a thousand of the "Silent Pastor" have met with a good reception in hospitals. Not a few of our soldiers will become Southern citizens: it is of the utmost importance that they should be Christian citizens.

V. And, finally, we have duties of the hour here at home. If they were faithfully discharged, it would need no prophet to tell us that we are in the last year of our war. There is, first, the duty of those who oppose to abstain from unreasonable, factious opposition, growing out of old prejudices and party spirit, and impatience of burdens, and fear of poverty, and lack of humanity. He who opposes takes upon himself a fearful responsibility. It is Northern opposition which protracts this strife: our divisions cause the and still to bleed. Your scruples, my scrupulous friend, cost hearts' blood: if they are not very right, they are very wrong. Have not you some prejudices to conquer? And, on the other hand, there is the duty of those who believe, that, when Freedom herself is in peril of her life, it is idle to spend time in cavilling about modes and forms, or in complaining of cheating contractors and false officials; there is the duty of those, who, when the simple question is, "Shall we go on with this struggle inexorably, and therefore mercifully, or sacrifice every thing which made it right to enter upon it?" take up again their first purpose with the clearest conscience;

there is the duty of these and the like to advocate and accept a most heroic practice in the treatment of the nation's heart.

We want heroic taxation, heroic economies, heroic industries ; faith, hope, love, in the largest measures ; a conviction, that success we must and shall have at any cost ; that every thing is cheap in comparison with success ; that both duty and advantage demand of us not to grow weary in our terrible well-doing. Nothing can withstand our united and settled purpose. When our works even begin to show that we have such a purpose, cherished not in hatred, but in love, then we may begin to gather the material for the bon-fires that shall signal from every hill-top the glad tidings of the return of peace. That purpose can be hindered to our hurt : it cannot, please God, be frustrated to our ruin as a nation.

We have gone forward a century in the last three years : it is for us to say whether we shall go back two centuries in the next three. But let us have faith in the highest things and the best. Let us not imagine for a moment that God will prosper those who disobey him, to the neglect of the obedient ; or that, when he created man a child of God, he proposed for him any world less glorious and complete than a kingdom of God, a kingdom of righteousness.

We are free to say, that the condition of our community at this time, in view of the work before us, is any thing but satisfactory. Speculators and pleasure-seekers and the luxurious cannot wage the greatest conflict of these latter days ; and unless we can attain to larger measures of inspiration, and be consecrated afresh to our task, there will remain for us (which may God forbid ! ) only the discipline of a most bitter and humbling experience. E.

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#### THE PHYSIQUE OF FEDERAL SOLDIERS.

THE foundation of a nation's prosperity is in the physical condition of its people ; not in its wealth or its soil, but in the healthful physique of its inhabitants. People of feeble constitutions, and in the course of physical deterioration, will deteriorate morally and spiritually, and ultimately the whole tone of their being will be let down. Witness the Indian tribes who are dying out, and the Asiatic nations who are the prey of drivelling superstitions. Compare the modern Greek with the soldiers of Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, in the days of Grecian prosperity and splendor.

It has been said that the Yankee race are deteriorating, and

verging towards the Indian type. Yankee women have been contrasted with the hale English women; the former pale and haggard, the latter strong and blooming. Americans have been contrasted with Englishmen; the former thin and gawky, the latter well developed with roast beef and London beer. The recruiting service is likely to settle some of these questions. Dr. W. H. Thompson, State examining surgeon of New York, read a paper, at a meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New-York City, on "The Physique of different Nationalities as indicated by the Inspection of Recruits for the Federal Armies." Its facts are of exceeding interest and importance; being derived, not from superficial appearance, but careful scientific inspection. Dr. Thompson examined about nine thousand men, about half of whom were natives. We find the results given in the "Annual of Scientific Discovery" for 1864.

In stature, the American-born ranks the highest, the English next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. Classifications were made also, not according to mere size, but according to quality of make and texture. Dr. Thompson makes four classes, termed respectively *prime*, *good*, *indifferent*, and *bad*. The "prime" are those of a specially well-proportioned osseous system,—the groundwork of the personal figure, as shown by the skull, the thorax, and the lines of the extremities; also of a well-developed muscular system, especially those of the lower extremities, as the most reliable indication of the vigor of spinal nutrition. The "good" were those apparently healthy and strong, with a good muscular development, but not equal to the "prime" in the development of the osseous system. Under "indifferent" were placed those of good forms, but with tendencies to constitutional diseases. The "bad" were those who had never been good, and never would be, from original vicious conformation.

Now for the result. Of American-born recruits, 47.5 per cent had prime physique; the Germans, 40.75; the Irish 35. Of the "indifferent," the Irish are one-half higher than the Germans, which last are five and one-half higher than the Americans. Of the "bad," the Irish are more than double the Americans and Germans, who in this respect stand alike.

The relative advantages of city and country life on the physique are of special interest. The proportion of "prime" among city Americans was forty-two per cent; country, fifty-eight per cent. Of "bad,"—city, four per cent; country, one per cent.

Dr. Thompson, in summing up, says of the American recruits,

"I feel safe in voting their physical development as of the highest order; and I have seen specimens of nearly all European as well as Eastern nations. With the exception of a general loss of fat, I do not believe there is another race that can show a larger proportion, in the average population, of excellent muscular and osseous development. This I would ascribe almost wholly to the widely diffused blessings of meat and drink, and to comforts of life possessed by nearly all. Least of all would I set it down on the score of race; for it is doubtful if there is such a thing as an unmixed race in America." With such a foundation on which to build up the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, with less danger that the latter will fall through, — being based on the solid floors of Nature, — we may hope, when the one national curse has been wiped out, for a career more prosperous than ever of intellectual and moral glory. "I hate sick people," said Charles Lamb: that is, he hated them abstractly, not concretely and personally; for strong and healthy physique is the groundwork of the most symmetrical and lofty manhood. s.

#### CHRISTIANITY AND DEISM: THE DIFFERENCE.

A WRITER in the last "Universalist Quarterly," not having studied metaphysics probably, and being left to the exigencies of common sense to call white, white, and black, black, discourses thus in a well-written article entitled "Christ's Authority as a Teacher." It strikes us as excellent good sense, much needed in days of mist and fog.

"It is a singular and anomalous question that we have to debate in these latter days. Formerly, the line of separation between Christians and infidels was, by common consent, very simply and sharply drawn. The single issue was, 'Does Christ represent God? Was he attested as in any sense appointed to a special office as the Teacher and Saviour of the world. Professing to regard the affirmative of this inquiry as proved, men therefore, and of course, accepted the testimony of Christ as final, because accepting it as the testimony of God himself. They were, necessarily it was thought, thus committed to say, 'If I understand him, there is no room for farther inquiry: having what he taught, I am sure I have the truth, *because he taught it.*' Those who said this were accounted Christians. Those who could not say it, frankly avowed themselves, and were universally reckoned by others, as unbelievers. No matter how devout, amiable, or morally blameless, one might be; no matter what admissions one might be ready to make concerning Christ as a good man, or concerning Christianity as a useful exposition of duty: if he could not

say, 'I believe Christ's word to be decisive, because the word of one specially sent of God,' he renounced all claim to be considered a Christian, and accepted his place, as a matter of course, in the ranks of infidelity. Now all this is changed. There are no longer any 'Deists.' This old distinction is pronounced invidious and unkind. By some necromancy of 'Broad Church'-ism, belief and unbelief have come to be indifferent factors of the same product; and at the word 'liberal,' presto! 'Deism' is but the 'critical' and 'scholarly' phasis of gospel faith. Any good man who claims to be a Christian, we are told, is a Christian. Herbert, Tyn-dall, Woolston, and their whole class of old English Deists, were Christians as really as Butler, Watson, or Paley, if they had but known it, and had bethought themselves to assume the title. The denials one may make in respect to Christ are of no importance. He is none the less a Christian, if he only insists that he is one, though he may strip Christianity of every sanction and attribute of a God-given religion, and leave us nothing but the name of Christianity and the mere opinions of fallible men."

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#### TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

THE question is warmly discussed among naturalists, whether each species is an original creation of God, or whether all species have *developed up* from a rude beginning or germ. Curious it is, that those who deny the miracles of the New Testament are apt to stick for the transmutation and development theory, else God will be let somewhere into the universe otherwise than a force locked in nature. Theodore Parker rather sneers at Agassiz for denying the transmutation system, and thus leaving the way open for the Divine. But *quære* Mr. Parker: How was the first germ created out of which we all "developed"? Was it not the immediate work of God? and do you not brink up to a "miracle," after all?

Agassiz says nobly, "I confess that there seems to me a repulsive poverty in this material explanation, that is contradicted by the intellectual grandeur of the universe: the resources of the Deity cannot be so meagre, that, in order to create a human being endowed with reason, he must change a monkey into a man."

S.

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#### DEFECT IN THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

MR. WEISS says you might look in vain in Mr. Parker's library for any books which "manipulate the ordinary religious proprieties." It seems to have been pretty full in other departments. Can any one tell where books can be found for these manipulations?

## REFLECTIONS.

THE trials of some men consist mainly in morbid feelings which make little show.

Merit is honored by their blame  
Who think that infamy is fame.

The same trouble often seems a trial or a trifle, according as it affects ourselves or others.

Rights are respected as long as protected.

We have seen a Chinese saying quoted, that "Virtue cannot give talents, but it supplies their place."

The homely proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is a standing rebuke of intolerance and hasty criticism.

It has been truly said, that "many young men begin where their fathers left off, and leave off where their fathers began."

A man whose ruling passion is the love of praise cannot be highly esteemed, although he may be highly commended by those who wish to please him.

Men are continually advising others not to follow in their steps; for the traveller learns the roughness of a path which seemed smooth at a distance.

Skill in writing is, in most cases, only a facility of expressing common thoughts in common phrases.

Words are continually changing their meaning,—some growing coarser, while others grow more refined: so that a particular word often strikes an old man very differently from the way in which it strikes a young one.

Keeping up with the literature of the day is like keeping up with the gossip of the town. Better read what has been long remembered than what will be soon forgotten.

Self-improvement, to the effectual, must reach the first springs of thought and feeling.

A writer cannot properly estimate his work until the ardor of composition has passed. The iron which glowed in the forge is dull when the work is done.

E. W.

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ALWAYS run to the short way, and the short way is the natural: accordingly, say and do every thing in conformity with the soundest reason. For such a purpose frees a man from trouble and warfare, and all artifice and ostentatious display.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery. A Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.* 1864. Gould & Lincoln.

An indispensable record, not merely for the scholar, but for the practical man. The present volume has a fine portrait of Gen. Gilmore fronting the titlepage. It exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, and geography. See extracts in the Random Readings.

*Industrial Biography: Iron-makers and Tool-makers.* By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The introductory chapter shows the agency of iron in civilization, and of how much more value iron is than gold. The biographies of the English iron-workers are a record of men who have been little known, but who have done more than almost any other class of workers in diffusing the comforts of life and the means of social progress. Much valuable scientific information is embraced in the biographies.

S.

*Satan's Devices and the Believer's Victory.* By Rev. WILLIAM L. PARSONS, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. Parsons believes thoroughly in the personality of the Devil, and his personal agency in our human affairs. His object in this work is to unmask him, and show him openly face to face with our humanity, against which he wages war. Satan, by the author's account of him, must be well-nigh omniscient and omnipresent upon our planet. He can probably "go four times round the earth and back again in a single second." How Mr. Parsons got all his information about him, we cannot imagine. He quotes the second Epistle of Peter, without telling his readers that the book is not canonical, and that all it tells us about fallen angels is quoted from the apocryphal book of Enoch.

It gives a certain dramatic power to some kinds of preaching to introduce a personal Satan into the machinery of conversion; but the harm is very great in gendering factitious fears, and open-

ing the way for the income of degrading superstitions, which tyrannize over weak minds, and cloud the benign attributes of God.  
s.

*A Youth's History of the Rebellion.* By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of the "Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This book is the first of a series, bringing the history of the war down to the capture of Roanoke Island. It is designed for young readers and families. To be adapted to its purpose, it should be historically accurate, familiar in style, and picturesque. All these conditions are fulfilled. It is illustrated with wood-cuts, is less expensive than more elaborate histories, and is adapted to hold the attention of young readers by the dramatic and stirring scenes of the narrative.  
s.

Mr. REDPATH, in his *Books for the Camp-fires*, continues to supply pleasant reading for the soldiers. "Clotelle" and "Vendetta" are stories in cheap form to shorten the hours of picket-duty, the tedium of camp-life, or the convalescent hours of the hospital. Get them, and send them on.

*The Western Sanitary Commission, what it does with its Funds, why it should be aided in its Work*, is a tract of eight pages, which makes an irresistible appeal. This Commission is the only one which has a department specially devoted to the relief of the freedmen and refugees. The details of suffering among this oppressed class are heart-rending. A Fair is to be opened at St. Louis on the 17th of May, for which contributions are solicited from all loyal people, and in which a department for the colored refugees has an important place. If you have aught to give, send packages or money directed to James E. Yeatman, Western Sanitary Commission, St. Louis. Accompanying their circular is a letter of Mr. N. M. Mann, agent of the Commission, describing the condition of the negroes who came into Vicksburg with Sherman's army:—

"All the way from Meridian, this black river flowed in the wake of the army, increased by constant accessions, until, sullen and slow, it wound its way into Vicksburg with four thousand five hundred souls. Following through a country twice ravaged by a devouring host, they had literally nothing left them for subsistence but the remnants left by our troops. Foraging parties scoured the country on either hand to obtain supplies for the soldiers; but no one brought these people food: and houses and barns pillaged and burnt left nothing for them save what the hungry soldier could spare."

The condition of these poor refugees is thus described : —

"The expedition returned here on the 3d inst. Just at dusk, the train of contrabands came in. Slowly and sadly they dragged along through the streets, — mules and oxen gaunt and famished; wagons loaded with children, whose weary, despairing look will haunt me, I believe, as long as I live, with a mother or two in each trying to soothe the little ones crying with hunger and fatigue, all clothed in the dirt-colored homespun they always wear, worn to rags and tatters, leaving them in many cases almost naked. I saw one boy, about ten years old, lying in a wagon, apparently dead, stark naked, save the poor amount of what might once have been a waistcoat wrapped about his abdomen. Hundreds of them had not rags enough to be decent. As if Nature sympathized with them in their misfortunes, the shades of night came on as they passed through the city, and partially screened from the crowd of gazers this saddening, sickening sight.

"The little I could do for these poor people that night I did. Anticipating a need, I had drawn on the commissary heavily for bread, and had a large amount on hand. I had the ambulance of the Western Sanitary Commission loaded with this bread; and, taking along half a dozen kind-hearted soldiers, we went the whole length of this wagon-train, and gave to each family a loaf or two. It was but a little thing to do; but the eagerness with which they took and ate it told how grateful it was to them. I assure you I never was more happy than that night, amid all that wretchedness, giving bread to those hungry creatures."

May God bless the Good Samaritans of the Western Commission, and send home their appeal to all hearts ! s.

*Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by WENDELL PHILLIPS.* Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

They make a very handsome volume, well accompanied by a fine portrait of the eloquent orator. Phillips is always heard with the deepest interest: we complain of his bigotry and incessant vituperations; and still we hear all that he has to say, and read all his speeches. He stimulates when he has no power to nourish, and agitates whilst he is incompetent to guide. Not unwilling to administer reproof, he makes haste to censure; and we are confident that his habitual hearers have learned to qualify his words as they receive them. He says many things that awaken zeal for his cause; little or nothing that awakens love or reverence for the speaker. E.

*Honor; or, The Slave-dealer's Daughter.* By STEPHEN G. BULFINCH. Boston: William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

Mr. Bulfinch is widely and well known as an earnest and able

minister of the gospel, and as one to whom the Church is indebted for many sweet and devout hymns. We believe that this is his first coming to us with the words of a parable. His story will be found interesting as well as profitable; and it will be of permanent value as an illustration of a condition of society, which, we may hope, is in its last years. Mr. Bulfinch is obliged to bring before us a very vulgar personage in Mr. Witham; but, unlike some even of our clerical novelists, he does not feel under any obligations to record blasphemies. His residence at the South during the earlier part of his ministry, and that singular candor which is known to be one of his most marked characteristics, are the best assurances that his descriptions of Southern life are trustworthy. E.

*Letters of Ada R. Parker.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117, Washington Street. 1863.

These letters were worth preserving. The spirit that guided the pen lived in very intimate and sweet communion with the Father of spirits, and wrought through an intellect of no ordinary character. E.

#### PAMPHLETS.

*Memorial of the Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Machias,* May 20, 1863. Machias: Printed by C. O. Furbush.

*Nineteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the Prison Association of New York;* transmitted to the Legislature, Jan. 29, 1864. Albany: Comstock & Cassidy.

*Denmark and its Relations.* By JOSHUA LEAVITT. Read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, March 3, 1864. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

*Dying for our Country: a Sermon on the Death of Capt. J. Sewall Reed and Rev. Thomas Starr King.* By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

*Reports of the Directors and Superintendent of the Washingtonian Home for the Year 1863.* Boston: Wright & Potter.

*England's Liability for Indemnity.* Remarks on the Letter of "Historicus," printed in the London "Times," and reprinted in the "Boston Daily Advertiser." By CHARLES G. LORING. Boston: William V. Spencer. The argument in these papers is admirable in spirit, and the logic unanswerable.